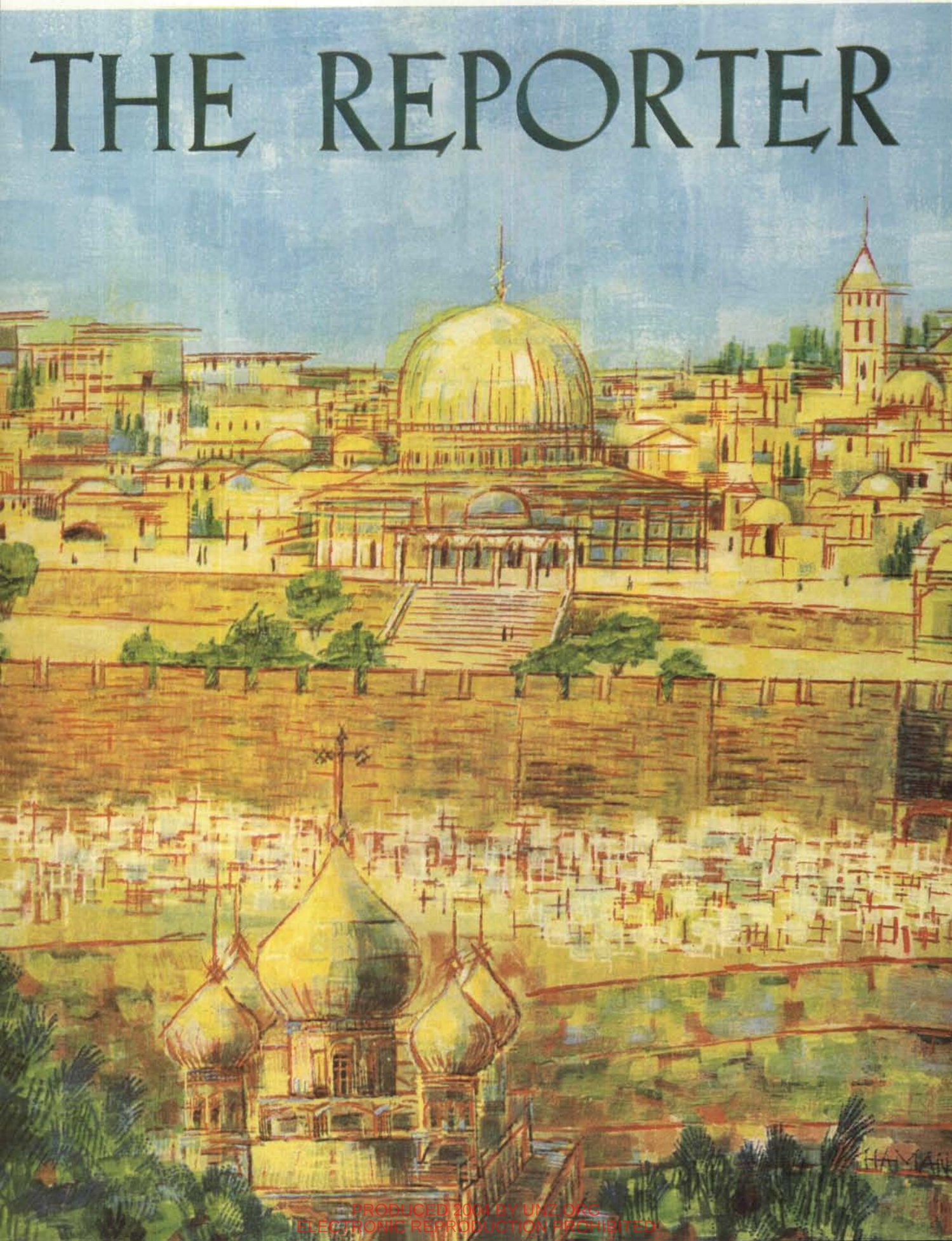
Israel: The Moment of Decision Goes By

May 17, 1956 25¢

THE REPORTER



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Local boy makes good

WHEN THE LATE Ebenezer Hubbard, a patriotic Concord man, left a bequest for a local statue, there luckily happened to be a real sculptor close at hand.

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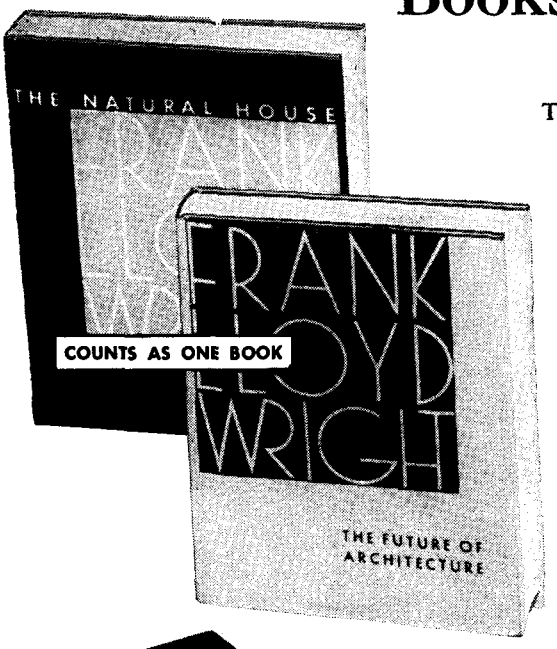

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Nixon Again

There wasn't much question before and we ourselves predicted it some time ago, but we will not advance as evidence of our prophetic vision the fact that we never doubted Nixon's willingness to run again. Whatever may be said about the Vice-President, he's not dumb.

Yet now that the other shoe has been dropped, the other uncertainty cleared away—without, in this case, benefit of Dr. White's opinion—we have a curious feeling of dismay, deep inside. For again, we can only too easily predict what is going to come. We can hear that voice, we can see the gleam of those teeth on the TV screen, we can feel the metallic quality of that oratory.

This young man has been assiduously and successfully impersonating the type of the clean-cut young American, and yet he grates on the nerves of a large number of his fellow citizens, as if he were a character from Mars. There is a synthetic quality about him that is not just a masterpiece of public-relations technique. It is native with him.

He is incredibly plausible and incredibly inscrutable. It would be quite wrong to say that he is much-hated—first of all because there is so little to hate. What is frightening about him is his divisive power. Even those who feel with the most acute discomfort that he is utterly alien, a Martian character, at the same time know in their bones that a very large number of fellow Americans think he is real. He creates a cleavage among Americans that is particularly striking, since both the attraction and the revulsion that emanate from him do not lend themselves easily to reasoned, documented arguments.

No other man prominent in public life has such a capacity for fissioning our national unity. And no other stands such a remarkable chance of becoming President of the United States.

SEC TO SANDBURG

Prosperity is dripping fat,
  A famous poet says,
But nobody's alarmed at that
  In money-dripping days.

The credit soars, the prices rise
  And mink is multiform,
But nobody surveys the skies
  For indices of storm.

And nobody observes the sign
  On faces in the street:
The surfeit ushering decline,
  The spoiling of the meat.

—SEC

Freedom from Speech

We have our own little proposed addition to the Bill of Rights—freedom from speech. The *Wall Street Journal* reports a distinct contribution to this freedom out in Tabiona, Utah (many of the great advances in the human cause have started in places like Tabiona, Utah). The telephone people out there have added a device to their infernal machines that, on party lines, helps to get people to shut up. After four minutes of talk, an automatic warning is given. If anybody really has anything to say, he had better say it then. A minute later the new gadget cuts off the connection.

It's a great idea, and one that should be spread to all telephone conversations all over the country. But electronics has now developed to the point where it could do much more: Maybe there could be installed, not only in every telephone, but in every microphone, Dictaphone, Ediphone, and whatever-phone, a device—let us call it a phonyphone—that, at the proper moment, would not just shut the thing off, but would emit a pointed, irreverent, disapproving sound. The proper moment would be when a nominating speaker used the word "integrity" for the third time, or when a candidate said, with Al Smith, "Let's look at the record," or a friendly-type politician referred to his audiences as "folks," or an advertising man used the word "so" in place of "very" ("It's *so* delicious . . .").

It could do a great service in this political year if the device would give a warning growl at "crisis," "crucial time," and "nation's destiny"; declare itself unalterably opposed to "unalterably opposed"; groan at the pattern of discerning "patterns," snort at the description "distinguished" for every man who won an election, yawn audibly at the second and third references to "human rights" or "individual initiative," and sniff at the claim that every program was "bold, new. . . ." This bold, new gadget, better than a Teleprompter, might be sort of a Teleheckler, chortling impartially at glowing references to "the party with a heart," "the middle way," "the party of the people," and "dynamic conservatism," and giving an especially loud and dubious sound at all the forthcoming references to a "great victory next November."

The Plight of France

In May the rich fields of Normandy grow green and Paris brims with colors and tourists. But behind city façades and provincial doorways the people of France remain plunged in their winter of discontent, and each day their air turns bleaker.

Last December's national elections, marked by the sharpening polarization of the country between extreme Left and the Poujadist far Right, did at least allow one more patched-up coalition of the moderates to sneak through. For a few months optimists, keeping their fingers crossed, thought that the Poujadist rebels had possibly overshot their mark.

While Ministers talked their way through the breathing spell, the costly bloodletting continued in

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Algeria, and at home the measures proposed to lift economic and social blight remained stalled.

By late April the Poujadists were on the warpath again, walking out on the National Assembly, setting up a nation-wide agitational network, and threatening a march on Paris to throw out the Fourth Republic.

France's next crisis may well be not one of a Cabinet but of institutions. For what is taking place in that most political of countries seems a plain revolt against politics. The little people of France are asking, "What is the government doing for us?" The tragic answer is "Not much."

The French, trained by generations of experience to dislike strong executive power, have had to witness in our time the alternative of an almost continuous unedifying spectacle of weak executives. It is the tragedy of the French—moderate in so many things—that they have experienced little of the middle way between too much executive power and too little.

So now there are reports of French leaders of many parties turning once again in their dismay to General Charles de Gaulle. Things have gone so far that a strong executive centered around de Gaulle is not the worst that could happen to them.

Attorney-Client Relationship

Murray M. Chotiner, Vice Presidential campaign manager in 1952, and in 1954 a director of the Republican Campaign School of Politics, as well as arranger of Mr. Nixon's campaign itinerary, was cool and candid when he came before Senator McClellan's investigative committee. Nobody could blame him for using the shield of the "attorney-client relationship" whenever the questions bore down on what he had done for the motley group of Easterners who, in 1953, suddenly sought the services of a West Coast lawyer.

He had a much easier task than his clients. There was William A. Parzow, a convicted jury fixer, who had denied knowing Chotiner in Executive Committee testimony. He quickly resorted to the Fifth Amendment when called back to the stand after Chotiner had admitted not only to knowing Parzow but to representing him and at least four other clients Parzow had introduced him to. These included Herman and Samuel Kravitz, former New Jersey garment manufacturers who were fined for defrauding the government and debarred from further contracts. (An accountant for the Kravitzes revealed Chotiner's name to the committee, testifying, "I heard that Mr. Chotiner was a very capable person . . . an influential person. I heard he had achieved success in matters of this sort—government investigations and the handling of government property.") The Kravitzes, incidentally, had paid Parzow thirteen hundred dollars the same day they hired Chotiner for five thousand.

Finally Parzow himself, along with an unidentified associate, retained

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There's always a job for an engineer
(But nobody wants a poet).

If you know your way round an atomic pile
Or the brain of a giant computer;
If you're clever at guiding a guided missile
And can tell if a neutron is neuter—
Forget all the rest, boys, skip it, stow it,
Iambic pentameter? Who wants to know it?
There's always a job for an engineer
(But nobody wants a poet).

—SEC

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Chotiner on an income-tax matter. All this was very vague because the various clients had refused to testify and Chotiner, because of the attorney-client relationship, was circumspect. Canceled checks and other evidence, entered into the record by staff counsel Robert Kennedy, indicated a deeper relationship between the Kravitzes and Parzow than appeared on the surface.

But about one thing Chotiner was emphatic. He had never sought to use improper influence in his dealings with the government, nor had he ever mentioned the name of Vice-President Nixon in connection with his business.

Afterward, Mr. Chotiner told reporters that he was making less money now than he had before the Republicans took office. He seemed a little hurt at having his activities scrutinized. "I think that there is a serious question of whether the right of a lawyer to represent a client might be impugned," he declared. We agree with him and think that the enjoyment of this right must be subjected to some limitation imposed by the lawyer's own conscience, when he happens to wield great influence on the Administration in power.

The Room Without a View

People in glass houses see through them. This was an unmistakable conclusion to be drawn from a recent conference in Washington on the house of the future, in which a hundred housewives spoke their minds and voiced their desires, the most poignant of which was for a "parlor." This was to be a room with a door—no sliding screens or panels—where they could escape teen-agers, television, the tricycle set, conversation, and electronic cooking aids. They were bitter about "uniform houses on denuded acres" and about picture windows. And they clamored for a little "decontamination room" near the back entrance where mud could be scraped off their offspring.

If our memory is correct, our grandmother's house contained all the features these ladies sigh for. It would be nice if the architects of today could reconcile their aesthetic principles with the pursuit of privacy—all, of course, for $10,000 on a rolling, wooded lot on a curving street.

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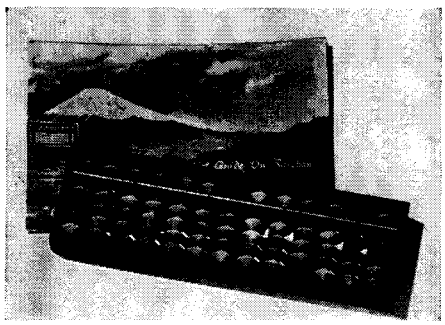

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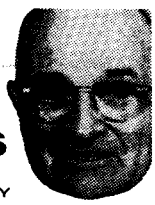

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CORRESPONDENCE

A MISSIONARY SAYS 'AMEN'

To the Editor: The April 5 issue of *The Reporter*, with the article by the Negro reporter William Demby and the letters to the Editor concerning a previous issue on racial problems in the South, reminds me that I can't wait any longer in expressing my appreciation for your positive approach to the racial situation in that area. When I say "positive" I mean an approach that seeks to move forward in the effort to comply with the Supreme Court ruling, while at the same time remaining cognizant of the existing complications.

Integrated schools and desegregated busses are not ends in themselves, but must be an outward sign of the inward brotherhood and recognition of equality before God. And this inward brotherhood cannot be forced. It must be brought about by those who understand the conditions that exist and are sympathetic to the problems; it must be brought about by those who, taking one step at a time, know how to build securely upon each new evidence of growth.

The Reporter, by its use of writers who are Southerners or who are familiar with conditions in the South, is showing a willingness to understand the emotional complexity of things. By lending a sympathetic ear without giving approval to everything it hears, it is contributing toward the building of brotherhood in the South. Therefore I must say "Amen" to what I have read up to now.

REV. CHARLES O. BUTLER
Ancon, Canal Zone

AN INALIENABLE RIGHT

To the Editor: I enjoyed Paul Jacobs's article "The Inalienable Right to Get Peacefully Sozzled" in your April 19 issue—both as an amusing anecdote and also as another twist of the civil-rights struggle and the right not to get pushed around.

MERRILL D. ORMES
Gary, Indiana

To the Editor: The police in Southern California communities (where some members of the American middle classes go when they die) are notorious for their frequent nonchalant abridgment of the working-class citizen's rights. Let us have more cheerful little news items like that of Paul Jacobs.

WILLIAM SHEA
Chicago

—

GRAND OLD PARITY

To the Editor: In 1947 farm income was $17 billion and our national income was $197 billion. Now farm income is $10 billion and our national income $325 billion.

In Brookings, North Dakota, on October 4, 1952, candidate Eisenhower while soliciting the farm vote pledged the Republican Party "not merely" to ninety per cent of parity but to "full parity, one hundred per cent parity." Now he is praised for his "moral courage" in denying the farmer what he promised him a few short years ago.

ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE
Allenhurst, New Jersey

MALICE TOWARD SOME?

To the Editor: In "The Reporter's Notes" of April 5 the following words appear:

". . . We watch it with a heart full of charity for the Russian people and full of malice toward their leaders. To the latter we sincerely wish ill."

Every time I begin to feel a little enthusiastic about your paper, something like this sets me back on my heels.

What is the purpose of this kind of remark? What is it meant to prove? Are you thinking of an as yet unscheduled Senatorial investigation of *The Reporter*? Is this a kind of reflex action, a hangover from the heyday of McCarthyism?

I would be sorry to think that you were merely repeating the I-hate-Communism catechism. But I would be sorrier to think that this remark represents your serious view of

Russia—two hundred million jolly good fellows pushed around by a dozen or so wicked ogres. Surely the relationship is a little more complicated than this.

JOHN HOLT
Carbondale, Colorado

To the Editor: Do you really mean that you have a heart full of malice for the Russian leaders and sincerely wish them ill?

As long as *The Reporter* has been in existence it's been distinguished by an intelligent approach to the problems it treats; it seems strange now to see malice toward other human beings soberly put forward as part of the magazine's attitude. Surely this particular comment was written under the stress of emotion and is not something you would attempt to defend. If you would, then I would look forward to seeing a type of article in the magazine that has not hitherto been there—the hate piece, pure and simple.

JOHN MCCUDDEN
Chicago

(We don't see why anybody should be surprised to find that we don't wish the Russian leaders well. In fact, the only kind thing we can say about them is that by removing the Stalin myth they may have helped to make themselves removable. We never have liked dictators, whether of the personal or the collective variety, and we

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don't intend to be prevented from saying what we think out of fear that we may be indirectly associated with other people who happen to be saying the same thing.—M.A.)

THE OREGON TRAIL

To the Editor: I believe that circulation of A. Robert Smith's article about the entrance of Douglas McKay into the Oregon Senatorial race (*The Reporter*, May 3) would make clear that Mr. McKay was superimposed on the Oregon primary by fiat from higher political echelons.

Mr. Smith's quotation of my own comments about the situation is correct. I do not see how the Republicans can talk about so-called "dictatorship" under Franklin Roosevelt in view of the recent episode concerning Mr. McKay's entrance into the Oregon primary as discussed in Mr. Smith's article.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

(*For further news of the Oregon primary see page 28.*)

INSIDE AFGHANISTAN

To the Editor: Many of the facts in Arthur Bonner's article "The Russian Moves in Afghanistan" (*The Reporter*, April 5) were correct. But their nature and the nature of the facts that Mr. Bonner omitted combined to give a picture of Afghanistan that was substantially incorrect.

Afghanistan has no paved highways. Nor does it have the hordes of hungry beggars that infest other nations in Asia. The Afghan Amir, Abdur Rahman, did sign the Durand Agreement. But he did so at the point of the imperialist bayonet with ten thousand British troops poised at the border to assist him in making this decision. True, the streets of Kabul are quiet at night. They are also far safer than the streets of Los Angeles.

Afghans like Americans and respect American traditions. They have no use for the Russians, Czarist or Communist; there is no native Communist movement in the country. Afghanistan has never received any military aid from the United States. It is the only independent country on the periphery of the Soviet Union that can make that statement. It has received very little economic aid compared to its neighbors. It has repaid its financial obligations on time and with interest.

About eight per cent of Afghan women are not veiled. And as for *Ferenghis* not being "allowed any close contact with the Afghan people," on not one day of several years' residence in Afghanistan did I fail to have several Afghan visitors to my house, sometimes several dozen.

ARNOLD FLETCHER
Van Nuys, California

TWO SONS OF MARION

To the Editor: William H. Hessler, in writing that "Ohio . . . has not produced even one left-of-Center political leader of national stature in forty years. . . ." (*The Reporter*, April 5, 1956), overlooks the fact that Socialist leader Norman Thomas was born in Marion, Ohio, the same city where Warren G. Harding made his home.

RICHARD FROTHINGHAM
El Paso, Texas

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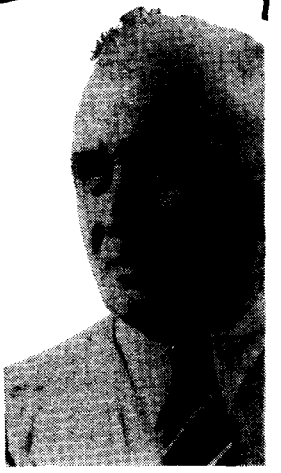
David J. Dallin
tells you why



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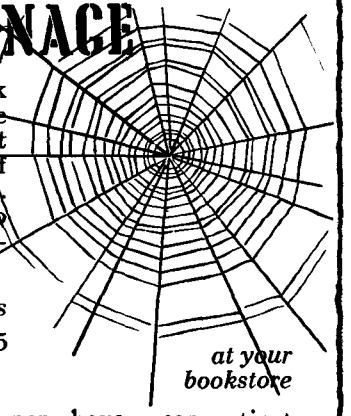

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IT CANNOT be said that the change in our foreign policy has come about prematurely: Just over nine months have passed since Geneva. **Max Ascoli's** editorial registers this change and describes some of the consequences inherent in it which politicians, in an election year, are distinctly reluctant to face.

Our Mediterranean correspondent, **Claire Sterling** recently went to Israel expecting to serve as war correspondent. What she encountered was not war but the decision by brave men—the Israeli leaders—to leave full responsibility for starting a war to the prospective enemy. We cannot feel indifferent to the Israelis' plight, and we feel that no apology need be made for the emotional quality of Israeli statements reported by Claire Sterling.

B. & K. are home again. Their visit to Britain, as reported by **Alastair Buchan,** defense correspondent for the London *Observer,* served to further the education of these two gents. We say "God Bless Britain," for giving them just enough of a welcome to demonstrate the politeness of a civilized people and just enough coldness to make them vaguely aware that there is a world very different from that which the Kremlin dominates. Once when Lenin was showing Trotsky around London, he pointed out Westminster Abbey and said, "This is *their* Westminster." The Westminster B. & K. visited is Britain's more than ever—and ours, too.

J. H. Huizinga, who describes the situation in Iraq, is London correspondent for the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant.*

WE CONTINUE our coverage of the desegregation crisis in the South with a report from our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** on the Alabama Citizens' Councils. They are already rent by internal dissension, and we think these Klansmen in mufti will fade away as did their hooded predecessors.

William Lee Miller of *The Reporter* staff attended the lecture Alger Hiss gave in Princeton. His report shows that the confidence placed in the students by the university found full justification in the students' response.

In his recent debate with Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Max Ascoli spoke of our state governments as examples of what he called "semi-secret" government. Confirmation on this point is provided by a Connecticut State Senator **Duane Lockhard,** who is also assistant professor of government at Connecticut College.

Few Senatorial elections, we think, will be as important as the contest in Oregon between Senator Wayne Morse and whomever the Republicans put up against him. We have already reported in our May 3 issue how Secretary Douglas McKay was catapulted out of Washington. In this issue a close-up by **Joe Miller,** a West Coast free-lance writer, describes the tribulations Mr. McKay is going through now that he is home, and the kind of campaign he is waging.

Arthur Bonner, CBS correspondent in India, reports on the Indian labor movement and the good job Walter Reuther did there during his brief visit.

FRANCE seems afflicted with precocious writers—an eight-year-old poetess and a twenty-year-old novelist and immoralist. **Madeleine Chapsal** writes from Paris.

Jacques Barzun's article is extracted from *Music In American Life,* which Doubleday will publish this month.

Donald Hall, English novelist and poet, author of *Perilous Sanctuary,* describes how an English village won a battle against metropolitan engulfment.

Christine Weston, well-known novelist and short story writer, was born in India.

August Heckscher is Executive Director of the Twentieth Century Fund.

Our cover, an impression of the ancient city of Jerusalem, is by **Carol Hamann.**

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VOLUME 14, NO. 10 **MAY 17, 1956**

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Editorial and Business Offices:
136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

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They've Gotten Around to It

At long last it is happening: A little over nine months after the Summit meeting, the post-Geneva American foreign policy is a-borning. We are in no mood to recount the time wasted and the lost opportunities. We are in a mood to rejoice. It is good to hear from men in positions of great authority—like Dwight Eisenhower, John Foster Dulles, and Adlai Stevenson—what we have been saying in these pages ever since that memorable four-power gathering took place at Geneva. If our government has entered into an unwritten anti-suicide pact with Soviet Russia whereby the two leading nations renounce the use though not the possession of force, then with what substitute for force can we counteract changes that occur in the balance of power, and promote changes in our favor?

"We cannot undo the changes that have come upon the world. Nor do we want to reverse what holds so much of promise, merely because it also holds some risk of loss. Our task is not to seek to reverse change, but to build constructively upon all the changes that hold a possibility of good." So spoke Secretary Dulles, a man whom we have seldom had a chance to applaud. These are good, wise words, carrying the imprint of that well-rounded, neatly formulated thinking which characterizes the public utterances of our Secretary of State even when he is at his most evasive, deceptive self. Sometimes Secretary Dulles must envy the vaporous sloppiness of his boss's words.

We take these recent foreign-policy pronouncements unreservedly at face value, and consider as utterly irrelevant the accidents that may have prompted them. This is the way some decisions which turned out to be the most momentous in recent American foreign policy were made—like the Marshall Plan or Point Four. At the beginning, they sounded like noble generalities; but when they were re-echoed, taken to heart by the peoples of the world, they became irreversible facts and generators of facts.

So let us go forward, "with all deliberate speed," to use the Supreme Court's expression on desegregation, toward the expansion along political and economic lines of our hitherto predominantly military alliances. In spite of the raucous noise of an election year, there is no substantial disagreement between the leaders of the Administration and those of the Opposition.

The going can be much faster and surer if we all, the leaders and the led, realize now how arduous, how adventurous this march is going to be. There is no way of avoiding suffering among the people of our own nation. The crucial decisions concerning international affairs we are bound to make will affect directly, and first of all, our political stability and economic well-being.

It was comparatively easy and not unprofitable to provide our Allies with weapons and with American goods. Now, if the alliance is to acquire the new vigor that the post-Stalin Russian threat demands of us, then that old, tired slogan, "trade, not aid," must become more and more a real thing. The more this happens, the more it will hurt. It will hurt both capital and labor, and our nation's leaders would be unconscionably remiss if they did not try to figure out how the dislocations our people are going to suffer can be cushioned and relieved.

The latest round of disarmament negotiations in London hasn't gone too brilliantly; yet the armament race is becoming so close, the lead of one protagonist over the other so precarious and narrow, that some day the aroused will for survival of all humans must assert itself and call a halt to the whole ghastly thing. When this happens, no matter how gradual or phased the reduction of armaments may be, large masses of workers will be dumped onto the labor market.

Everybody, including the Administration leaders, is talking about the coming into being of a more flexible diplomacy. This implies something more than a greater suppleness and subtlety of mind among American diplomats. This calls for a more flexible economy in our own and the Allied nations, so that the strain large groups of interests will have to endure may be made bearable and, ultimately, beneficial. In some zones of our economy the leaders of government, business and labor must learn how to plan, control, and heal limited depressions.

At this stage the major responsibility rests with the leaders both of the Executive and the Legislative Branches of the government. The new American flexible diplomacy is going to provide them with a staggering prospect of agonizing decisions and splitting headaches.

For there is no going back, if we are to reach any measure of safety and peace. We must be ready to pay the price for the strengthening of political and economic ties with our Allies. Whether they know it or not, those responsible for the running of our government have a job of institution building ahead. Their plight is particularly unenviable considering that our nation for several years has been dangling on the brink, not of war, but of the Bricker amendment.

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Israel: The Moment Of Decision Goes By

CLAIRE STERLING

JERUSALEM

FOR THE second time in only five months, war correspondents have rushed to Israel, waited, and left again. The Israeli-Egyptian front is quiet once more and may continue to be quiet for several months to come. But war was much closer in April than it was last November, and if there is no change in American policy, it might not be avoided.

The question of which side could start this war has changed radically since November, when four hundred Israeli troops drove an Egyptian garrison out of the demilitarized zone at El Auja. On that occasion—a few weeks after the Egyptian-Czech arms deal—it was a question of whether the Israelis would attack at once in force, while they were still the stronger, or the Egyptians later, when they had received their new equipment and learned how to use it. Since the outbreak in the Gaza Strip on April 5, however, that is no longer the issue. The Egyptians may invade Israel as soon as they are ready —in another six months or a year— provided the major powers do not take action to prevent them. The Israelis will not invade Egypt, now or a year from now.

The fighting around Gaza on April 5 was simply a matter of trigger-happy soldiers launching shells—but only shells—across the border. It exploded Israel's last chance to wage a preventive war. The fact that Israel did not take that chance can be considered the final word about the nation's future intentions.

It is no secret that Prime Minister David Ben Gurion was strongly tempted to embark on such a war in November. The purpose would not have been territorial aggrandizement; Israel's leaders would not and could not try to occupy a country with a hostile population more than ten times the size of their own. The idea was to make a quick thrust into the Sinai Peninsula, knock out the weak Egyptian Army, force the downfall of Egypt's ruler, Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser, and withdraw. For the Israelis, who would long since have been driven into the sea if it had not been for their military superiority over their Arab neighbors, this strategy had tremendous appeal; and if Britain and the United States had not warned Ben Gurion then that an Israeli attack would

Ben Gurion

bring immediate intervention on the Egyptian side, he might well have tried it.

In November, however, the situation was still fluid enough to give Ben Gurion grounds for hope. It was too early to know how much in the way of arms Egypt would actually get, how fast the arms would come, and how much technical help would come with them. Moreover, the western world still believed—though the Israelis did not—that it had enough influence on Nasser to keep him from using his arms in a war of aggression. Above all, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles had promised to give "sympathetic consideration" to Israel's request for $63 million worth of defensive armament—only a fifth of what Nasser was reportedly going to get, but enough, in Ben Gurion's opinion, to make an Egyptian invasion unlikely.

Fedayeen Raids

The situation was no longer fluid on the afternoon of April 5, when the Egyptians fired heavy mortars on five Israeli settlements along the Gaza border, and the Israelis replied by shelling Gaza for several hours.

In a press conference two days earlier, Dulles had said that the United States had not decided to send arms to Israel. He had also declared that U.S. troops would not intervene in the absence of an emergency without full-dress Congressional debate and approval, stating that neither he nor President Eisenhower knew of "any such emergency." And he had added that, as far as he knew, Nasser was "actuated primarily by a desire to maintain the genuine independence of the area."

For the three months preceding this statement, Egyptian troops and *Fedayeen* sabotage units had been raiding Israeli territory—shooting sentries, laying mines, ambushing civilian vehicles, blowing up water installations—on an average of twice a day. Directly after the Dulles press conference, the rate went up fourfold and more: There were eight *Fedayeen* attacks on April 7, eight on April 8, and ten on April 9.

The raids reached a climax on April 11, when a group of *Fedayeen* machine-gunned a synagogue in Sha-

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frir, killing three children and a teacher at their evening prayers. "The Israelis thought," said Radio Cairo the night before, "that Egyptian forces would not reach them and that the penetration of any military forces into Israel would bring about intervention of the great powers. The operations carried out by the *Fedayeen* on Saturday last [April 7] put an end to the quiet enjoyed by Israel. Egyptian *Fedayeen* reached the town of Migdal . . . and left it ablaze. This event has extraordinary significance, because the war is not now confined to firing or attacks along the border but has reached the heart of Israel . . ."

The fact that all these attacks were originating from the Egyptian GHQ in Gaza might not, in itself, have been so significant if it had not been for another fact of which Secretary Dulles was presumably unaware. On the day he seemed to deny Israel assistance, there were three full Egyptian brigades encamped along the twenty-five-mile-long, five-mile-wide Gaza Strip, whose northern tip is only thirty-six miles from Tel Aviv. Had these troops been stationed mostly in and below Rafa, at the southern end of the Strip, their presence might have been considered valid defensive strategy. The bulk of them, however, were concentrated in the north.

Considering how very easily the Israelis might cut them off at Rafa—Colonel Nasser himself has frequently pointed this out to correspondents—such a position would be decidedly impractical for defensive warfare. It would, on the other hand, have pronounced tactical advantages for an offensive, since an attack from there could be mounted twenty-five miles closer to Israel's metropolis of Tel Aviv.

Russian Weapons

These brigades had been stationed in the Strip for at least two months, with another force of similar size not far behind them; two-thirds of the Egyptian Army is now encamped east of the Suez Canal. That army is not yet fully equipped or trained. But by April 5, thirty Russian ships had docked in Alexandria to unload, according to Israeli intelligence reports, some eighty per cent of the arms provided for in the Czech agreement; and apart from instruction being provided by an estimated two hundred Soviet technicians in Egypt, Egyptian officer-instructors were being trained in their use, behind the Iron Curtain, at the rate of two hundred every three months.

The quantity of these arms is not exactly known in Israel. But among the items believed to have been delivered are two hundred Mig jet fighters, forty Ilyushin bombers, three hundred heavy Stalin tanks, a large number of Katyusha rocket projectors, and two submarines, which could do a lot of damage if Israel, already entirely blockaded by land, were to be blockaded by sea. (This is not to mention the thirty-two Centurion tanks sent to Egypt by Britain in the past year, or the twenty British Vampire jets Nasser has recently turned over to Saudi Arabia as "surplus.")

The Ilyushin bomber can cruise at 30,000 feet, carry four or five tons of bombs, and reach Tel Aviv from the Suez area in about twelve minutes, and the Stalin tank is described by an Israeli officer as "a monster." It is the heaviest, and most heavily gunned, in the world.

As of April 5, Nasser did not have enough pilots, ground crews, and trained tankers to man this equipment. Also as of April 5, the Israelis had nothing to send into the air against the Ilyushins, nothing but light French tanks and overage U.S. Shermans to oppose the Stalins, and not a shred of illusion left about Nasser's ultimate intentions.

Abdel Hakim Amer

Three Circles

The Israelis' reasoning on this last score was not confined to Nasser's troop concentration in the Gaza Strip. It also took into account his newly formed joint military commands with Saudi Arabia, Syria, and Yemen, and their commander in chief, Abdel Hakim Amer, who had said publicly that his army was "at the frontier ready to teach the Zionists a lesson they'll never forget, when the time is ripe"; Colonel Nasser's triumph in detaching Glubb Pasha from Jordan's Arab Legion, thereby freeing it from Britain's possibly restraining influence; his increasingly open interest in the Three Circles of Egyptian expansion—French North Africa, British East Africa, and the Moslem Middle East; his enormous popularity among Arab masses for having, as an Israeli officer puts it, "spit so successfully into the face of the West"; and his candid public statements regarding Israel itself. "Egypt will be glad," Nasser told Syrian President Kuwatly in midwinter, "when her own and the Syrian armies meet on the ruins of this treacherous people."

Nasser often tells westerners that these statements are merely for public consumption and that he doesn't really mean them. The Israelis, however, don't consider the distinction important. "He may not mean what he says," said an Israeli Deputy, "but every time he says it, he's signing checks; and if he doesn't pay off some day, he'll be out on his ear."

Having observed the movement of Nasser's troops and supplies on the border, having been told that the United States would give them neither arms nor the guarantee of swift military assistance, having received nothing but discreet moral comfort from Britain and at that time only the promise of a dozen jet fighters from France, and having lost faith in the West's ability to hold Nasser back, Israel's leaders had these alternatives when the Egyptians opened fire that April morning: to strike at once and destroy Nasser's Russian bombers and tanks before he could use them effectively; to wait another three to six months for a

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change of heart in Washington, after which no lightning thrust on their part would be feasible; or to wait a year, when Nasser would consider himself thoroughly ready to come and get them.

They decided to wait. It was an unequivocal decision; no reporter in Jerusalem now would waste his time trying to find out whether or not Ben Gurion may still be planning secretly to press the button. That decision was made independently of the British Foreign Office, whose battered diplomats would scarcely feel impelled today to threaten intervention on Nasser's behalf.

'For Two Thousand Years . . .'

In no way could this decision be interpreted as unreadiness to fight if necessary. The Israelis are not only ready to fight but, to a man, they are sure that in any war, long or short, offensive or defensive, with or without western arms, they would win. "Maybe we can't stop their Ilyushins," said an Israeli colonel. "But if they razed Tel Aviv in twenty-four hours, we would still come out of the cellars and mow them down. Maybe it would cost a lot of blood to stop their big tanks. But we'll walk up and blow them to bits with Molotov cocktails if we have nothing else at hand—though tanks would be better. They might pulverize us from the air, but they'll never capture us on land."

This might seem like wild overconfidence on the part of a country with a population of less than two million, whose entire 591 miles of frontier is surrounded by hostile territory sixty-three times larger than its own, inhabited by thirty million declared enemies committed by their rulers to Israel's extinction. Nevertheless, this confidence, more than anything else, was what finally led Ben Gurion and the men around him to decide as they did. "For two thousand years," said one, "the Jews have been chased from country to country. No one can chase us any more. We've stopped running."

Several world leaders are indebted to the Israelis for preferring to risk all their lives later rather than some of their lives now. Among these are U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold, whose personal and official prestige depended on the outcome of his Middle East mission; Prime Minister Anthony Eden, whose Cabinet might not have withstood a final blow in Britain's traditional sphere of influence; Secretary of State Dulles, who might well have lost the Republicans' chances for reelection if war had broken out; and Colonel Nasser, whose career—and life, perhaps—might have ended had it not been for this act of renunciation by his hated enemy.

But these people were not uppermost in Ben Gurion's mind when he rejected preventive war. No doubt he gave them careful thought. In Israel's solitary position—it is the only state in the Middle East without a single treaty of mutual assistance—it cannot afford to flout the U.N., the international force bound by statute to defend its frontiers. Nor, as a tiny western democracy in a desert of eastern dictatorships, can Israel afford to lose the friendship of the West. Whether or not it could destroy Nasser, Israel could not hope to survive forever by making war on the Arab world.

Cold Arguments

None of these considerations, however, was as compelling as the knowledge that even a fortnight of war might undo a large part of what the Israelis have done in the last eight years with their improbable country—the prosperous farms forced from baked desert soil, the roads put through the wilderness, the mines opened and factories erected, the neat bungalows for all but a tenth of the 750,000 Jews who since 1948 have come in from the Diaspora.

In thinking of the monumental labor that has brought this about and the tragic waste that war might leave behind, Ben Gurion may have been moved by sentiment. He is not so ingenuous, however, as to ask Hammarskjold, Eden, or Dulles to be sentimental about Israel; and his current appeal for help is based on arguments as cold as the blood stream of a Swiss banker.

He does not ask the United Nations for a great deal because he does not believe it can do a great deal. The United Nations, which sponsored the State of Israel, was unable to prevent the Arab states from invading it on its first day of statehood, or help Israel drive them out again; and for all the cease-fire agreements that the U.N.'s mixed armistice commission has obtained since the Rhodes agreement was signed in 1949, it has been unable to prevent continuous firing along Israel's borders. An agreement to stop firing, so Ben Gurion argues, is nearly meaningless so long as there is a will to fire; and no amount of buffer zones, barbed wire, or observers in helicopters can keep an Egyptian soldier from stealing through a wadi to plant a land mine if his commanding officer so orders him.

Nor would the complete cessation of shooting, even for the next six months, stop Nasser from sending his whole army in when and if he chose. What the United Nations might do with some profit, says the Israeli Prime Minister, would be to get at causes rather than effects. A false peace, he maintains, will tempt further the already much-tempted west-

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ern powers to leave things as they are, thereby greatly increasing the likelihood of war. In the current negotiations, therefore, he has insisted that Hammarskjold examine at least some of the more abrasive causes of disagreement—such as Egypt's illegal blockade of the Suez Canal. Since the U.N. Secretary General, Ben Gurion believes, has about as much chance of inducing Nasser to drop this blockade as he has of talking Israel into taking back half a million Arab refugees, he has not, so far, put this matter on his agenda.

Preventive Armament?

Actually, Ben Gurion has no more hope than has Hammarskjold of ironing out Arab-Israeli differences in the next six months, or six years. What he is interested in right now is a way to keep these differences from flaring into war; and—in or out of the Security Council—he thinks only the big powers can find the way.

He does not demand a U.S.-British-French promise of military intervention. The British, he observes, gave a similar promise to Poland in 1939 and obviously meant to keep it; but they were incapable of stopping Hitler's invasion when it came. What is more, the Israelis feel that they are perfectly able to take care of themselves. Even in requesting arms from the West, they maintain that their primary objective is not so much to fight better as to make any fighting unnecessary.

In Ben Gurion's considered opinion—and he has a formidable intelligence service—Nasser will not go to war unless and until he is sure he will win. Ben Gurion contends, therefore, that a modest supply of modern defensive weapons in Israel's hands would persuade Nasser not to invade—and conversely, that failure to give Israel such weapons would surely lead to an Egyptian invasion. If that should happen, Ben Gurion goes on, Israel would drive the Egyptians out again, at whatever cost. But Israel could not guarantee that the war would not spread, and the consequences of its spreading might be a third world war.

In that event, according to the Israeli Prime Minister, the West's Northern Tier defense system—Turkey, Iraq, Iran, and Pakistan—wouldn't be of much use, since Russia would be comfortably installed below in what Nasser already refers to as the Southern Tier—Syria, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Yemen, and Egypt. Nor would there be much sense left in competing with Russia for Nasser's affections. Even if the war could be localized, the presence of massive Russian arms on one side would almost inevitably require western arms on the other; and to hold out until that prospect materialized would mean not only an appalling sacrifice of human life but a far greater risk of losing the Middle East to Russia than any that the West might be running now. Moreover, since the West's refusal to give Israel arms has so far failed to check either the disintegration of the Northern Tier, the formation of the Southern Tier, or Nasser's drift toward Moscow, a continuing refusal would appear to be not only tragic but senseless.

Colonel Nasser

Dulles's New Tactics

Furthermore, shipment of the arms on Israel's shopping list would not set off an arms race, since both sides have a more or less fixed saturation point; Israel is asking for only sixty to eighty jet fighters from the United States and only fourteen Centurion tanks from Britain. This, the Israelis maintain, could hardly be considered a further stage of the arms race that the Russians have lately decried.

Finally, the West's fear of losing access to Middle Eastern oil should lead it to prevent war by whatever means. In any case, the western fear of angering a handful of sheiks whose air-conditioned Cadillacs are paid for by western oil royalties—and who, in the case of Saudi Arabia, have already drawn on these royalties until 1959—seems to the Israelis to be highly exaggerated.

While these arguments may be considerably simplified, even Secretary Dulles has begun to see some of their merits. Unlike the British Foreign Office, the U.S. State Department is still hopeful that Nasser's heart may be with the West even while his hands are in Russia's pockets. But Mr. Dulles has conceded that if the United States has too weighty a role in world affairs to give Nasser's enemy assistance, it has nothing against any of its allies doing so.

It is not easy to see what Secretary Dulles expected to gain by these new tactics. Nevertheless, the pronouncement has had a certain thawing effect. Israel is negotiating with Canada for thirty-six Sabre jets, with Britain for fourteen Centurions, and with France for another dozen Mystères; the negotiations are spoken of in Jerusalem with cautious optimism. But the United States, perhaps repenting of its back-door offer, is reportedly dragging its feet on releasing the necessary NATO priorities and so the Israelis have yet to get a firm offer from anyone.

Another source of exceedingly cautious optimism is the Soviet Union's recent declarations of willingness to help bring about peace in the Middle East by co-operating with the western powers in the U.N. The Israelis, however, are deeply suspicious, and are waiting to see whether the Russians' platonic statement of intentions in favor of an arms embargo will stop—or even slow down—the flow of arms to Egypt.

Whatever relief from despair may lie in other directions, Israel still looks to the United States for the saving gesture. While the new nation is careful not to put its plea on the basis of morality, it still hopes Americans will think of the situation from this viewpoint.

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Two Recent Guests At Claridge's

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

LONDON

A SPECIAL TRAIN slid out of the dingy sunlight of Victoria Station. Two elderly gentlemen waved a final greeting with their shapeless hats, the British officials clambered wearily into their cars, and five minutes later all that was left of the Bulganin-Khrushchev visit was a few crushed tulips on the platform. The spring air was heavy with anticlimax.

In a sense we are all still the victims of "the cult of the personality": Dominated by the ghost of Stalin, we expect statesmen—particularly Russian statesmen—to be larger than life. When they meet we expect the earth to tremble and the tides of history to reverse themselves. All the developments of the visit contributed to this sense of theater: The security precautions, the doubts and fears about American and German reactions, complaints from Moscow about the itinerary and program, the success of Malenkov's visit a few weeks earlier. We assumed that we were going to witness ten days of high drama, almost certainly including a fireworks display and great pronouncements of policy.

But this is no longer the world of Stalin or even of Churchill. It is a world of life-size figures, bound by stronger forces than themselves, who meet and argue and part without the earth shaking or splitting. The minute "B. & K." arrived they ceased to be titanic, threatening figures on the dais of the Presidium and were transmuted by reality into just a couple of Russians who had been invited to have a look around England.

MUCH has been made of the cool reception given the pair by the British public, and there have been many flattering references to its political sophistication. I have no wish to cavil at these compliments, but certainly in part it was the result of Scotland Yard's security policy. The police were worried. They had been nagged to death by the Russians to lock up a number of East European exiles for the duration of the visit, which would have touched off a first-class political row in Britain and the United States.

'No Wedges'

The evidence suggests that even if the police had not, in effect, cordoned off Khrushchev and Bulganin from the British public, the Soviet leaders were not planning to make trouble. The great fear had been that they would use the visit as a platform to make insulting references to the United States and cracks about the French, and to make the British public's flesh creep about the rearmament of West Germany. (This is not difficult to do, for there is still much latent anti-German feeling in this country which Germany's challenge as a commercial competitor tends to heighten.) Eden had warned the Russians in advance against any attempt to drive wedges into the Atlantic Alliance during their visit. When they arrived Khrushchev kept repeating to all and sundry in government: "No wedges, no wedges." It was some time before anyone caught on to what he meant, but he kept his word except on one occasion.

This was the famous dinner with the Labour Party when his temper got the better of him. Nobody in the Labour Party is very proud of that evening in spite of the revelations it provoked. Labour leaders had decided originally that there would be no set speeches, merely a short toast by Party Chairman Morgan Phillips and a short reply by Bulganin. In addition there would be four carefully phrased questions on the Middle East and the position of the Social Democrats in the Soviet bloc.

For some fantastic reason, fifty guests were not told about this plan. In consequence, when Bulganin had made his polite speech, there were shouts of "Khrushchev! Khrushchev!"

In a Brown Rage

Khrushchev might have contained himself if he had not be having a running exchange throughout dinner with George Brown, a burly right-wing trade-unionist who is Aneurin Bevan's rival for the post of party treasurer. He had been taunting Khrushchev as "the big boss" and being mildly offensive to Khrushchev's son, a pleasant, snub-nosed youth who was sitting near him.

When Khrushchev arose he was in a boiling rage, and as interruptions began he launched into defense of the Hitler-Stalin pact. "What's more, if British policy continues on its present course, we will do it again," he said. It was this rather than his refusal even to consider Party Leader Hugh Gaitskell's tactfully worded plea for the imprisoned Social Democrats in Russia and its satellites that really rocked Labour Party leaders.

KHRUSHCHEV'S performance will have many interesting repercussions. For one thing, it destroys the last tatters of the myth that Left can talk more easily to Left. Khrushchev left no one in doubt that he prefers to deal with Conservatives rather than Socialists. At the same time his remarks on the Social Democrats must have damaged Russian attempts to re-create the Popular Front.

One interesting aspect of Khrushchev's performance was the revelation of how little any Russian politician knows about politics. His speech degenerated into a slanging match between himself and his hecklers, whereas any westerner who has even run for dogcatcher knows that it is fatal to answer hecklers or to be deflected by them.

'I Boo Back'

Throughout Khrushchev's tirade, Marshal Bulganin sat in unhappy immobility. At the beginning of their visit it looked as if Bulganin was on his way out and had just been brought along for the sea voyage. Although the two men are roughly the same age, Bulganin is beginning to look much older than Khrushchev and he tires easily.

But as the talks progressed at Downing Street it became clear to

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British participants that Bulganin is no mere stooge. He bore the brunt of not only the ceremonial speech-making, but of the private conversations as well. Khrushchev clearly looks to Bulganin on most questions of tactics. Several British officials tried to work out their private sign language and concluded that when Bulganin taps his forehead with his spectacle case or applauds particularly loudly some phrase in Khrushchev's speech it is a signal for the latter to shut up.

However, Bulganin enjoyed himself much less than his colleague. He was clearly distressed by the thin public response to their appearances whereas Khrushchev was unruffled: "When they boo me I boo back," he told a British Cabinet Minister. Moreover, one could sense in the educated bourgeois Bulganin's delight at the buildings and the pictures that he was shown the intense nostalgia for western civilization and its fruits that runs through all Russian literature. It meant nothing to Khrushchev who, perceptive though he may be, is usually too busy talking to notice much.

New Bear, Old Attitudes

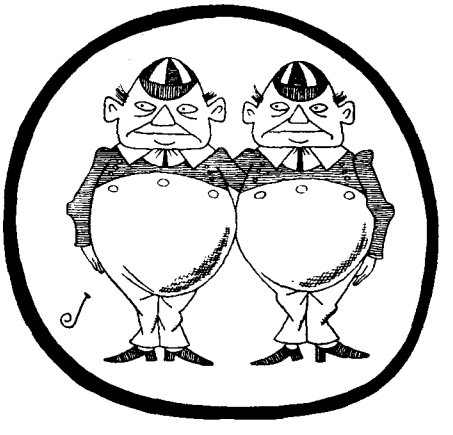
What have we got out of the Khrushchev-Bulganin visit beyond a delightful new bear cub in the London zoo? On the surface the answer appears to be little enough. The public speeches of the Soviet leaders, restrained though they were, and with their emphasis on the impossibility of total war in an age of mutual deterrence, do not carry us far beyond the "summit" meeting of last July, which in turn no more than ratified the existence of a stalemate that had existed for some time.

Even when Khrushchev pulled out a different stop in his speech at Birmingham by emphasizing Russia's progress in nuclear weapons and guided missiles, he was only boasting of what western military leaders have been warning us about for a year and more.

The formal agreements reached between the British and Soviet governments are really only a series of promissory notes on the future. The agreement on the Middle East does not go much beyond the unilateral Russian statement issued while the pair were on their way to Britain with its de-emphasis of Soviet support for Arab nationalism (now being followed up around the world by elaborate Soviet courtesy to Israeli diplomats) and its promise to work through the United Nations for a solution to the Palestine problem. Because of Britain's commitments to Iraq and Jordan, any plan for an arms embargo on the area was stillborn. Virtually no progress was made on disarmament. On Germany, the Soviet leaders said quite frankly that the present division suited them and that they could not see why it did not suit the West.

BUT WHAT we have gained in terms of information is very valuable and could probably have been acquired in no other way. For instance, we now have definite confirmation of the fact that Russia is not interested in fostering any fresh trouble in the Far East for the time being. We now know for certain, thanks to Khrushchev's slip at the Labour Party dinner, that Moscow has two policies on Germany: to oppose reunification until the rest of the world has lost interest and then to make its own deal with West Germany.

Most interesting of all, perhaps, is the insight the visit has given into the Soviet conception of future trade relations with the West. Someone in Moscow must have been reading



Adam Smith on the divison of labor: The Russians are going to devote their own resources to expanding their own heavy industry and industrial capital generally; we are to supply them with consumer goods. It is a half-baked policy so far because they have failed to work out how they are to earn necessary sterling and other western currencies to pay for our goods, but it is one that makes considerable appeal to British businessmen who have seen their export markets shrinking or going to the Germans and Japanese in the last two years.

But the real importance of the visit derives not so much from what we have deduced as from what Khrushchev and Bulganin themselves have learned about the West. Eden's principal concern was to see that they fully understood the importance of Middle Eastern oil to Britain and western Europe—that if the Russians continued to dole out weapons for the subversion of the western position there, they might easily precipitate a war that could not be geographically confined as in Korea. However much the Russians might dislike the Baghdad Pact, they must realize that it was essentially a defensive organization intended to protect our interests. Khrushchev took the point with ease. He did not make any unrealistic promise to stop playing politics in the Middle East. What he did undertake was to see that Russian policies did not get out of hand. Where this meeting seems to represent an advance on the "summit" meeting is that we have been able to get some vital information across to the Russian leaders without being misled by them into thinking that because they do not want war they are going to stop behaving like Communists.

All those who talked seriously to Khrushchev and Bulganin were amazed by how little they knew about western positions and policies. Points that had been explained time and again to Malik, their ambassador in London, or to Gromyko at the United Nations came to their masters as a complete surprise. "Why haven't we been told about this before?" asked Khrushchev on several occasions. He was also resentful at having been misled about the public reception he would get and about the strong line Eden intended to take on the Middle East. It would be a significant outcome of the London visit if some of the rigid products of Molotov's Foreign Affairs Ministry were replaced around the world by observers who would mix and listen instead of adopting stereotyped attitudes. Who knows, we British might even get Malenkov!

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Iraq: Nuri es Saïd Drives a Hard Bargain

J. H. HUIZINGA

IRAQ is ruled by a Strong Man who refuses to kowtow to the Street or defer to its emotions. Under his régime, realism is in the saddle and rides roughshod over the objections of national emotionalism.

As long as democracy of a kind prevailed in Iraq, the Street played as large a part in its political life as it does everywhere else in the Arab world. There were the riots of November, 1952, and those of 1948 preceding the rejection of the Portsmouth Treaty, which was proposed to Iraq by the British in an effort to conciliate Iraqi nationalism while protecting Britain's power and oil interests. Even when the Street was quiescent, the Iraqi brand of democracy did not provide Iraq with stable and strong governments. It was only during the summer of 1954, when Nuri es Saïd, leader of the Constitutional Union Party, set about putting his country's democracy in cold storage, that a strong government emerged. Nuri, originally a military man, has been in and out of power as his country's Premier since 1930. When he formed his new government in 1954 his supporters in Parliament occupied barely forty per cent of its 135 seats. Only three months later, by a skillful piece of electoral magic, he was assured of an all-powerful majority comprising practically the entire membership of Parliament.

Only the *Nice* Parties

At the same time Nuri saw to it that the future of this majority was made as certain as anything can ever be in an Arab state. He got Parliament to rubber-stamp a law enabling the Minister of the Interior to dissolve any political party (or for that matter any other association, such as a trade union) that "sows discord and dissension among the public."

This law merely ratified an ordinance Nuri had issued a few weeks earlier when he had the newly elected Parliament sent packing by King Feisal II and then made use of the opportunity so created to dissolve all political parties. The Minister of the Interior has also been given the power to prevent the re-emergence of parties that sow discord and dissension, and there is no appeal to the courts from the Ministerial decision. Only one of the parties Nuri had dissolved thought it worth while applying for permission to start up again. It was promptly turned down. As one high-ranking departmental official put it to me with disarming earnestness: "Nuri is not against the party system, only he wants *nice* parties run by *nice* people."

THIS does not mean, however, that he has turned Iraq into a totalitarian state. Though the press, too, is at the mercy of the government and can be muzzled without right of appeal to the courts for "provoking dissension," I heard plenty of uninhibited criticism even in Parliament. Packed as it is with Nuri's men, it makes itself heard, as witness this recent example: "The state machinery is rotten; bribery has exceeded its limits; the judiciary does not enjoy the confidence of the people . . . feudalism should be combated." That hardly sounds like a totalitarian state. If I had to characterize the system instituted by Nuri, I would rather call it "government by consent provided there is no damned nonsense."

One thing that Nuri wants no nonsense about is the Baghdad Pact. Barely a year old, the pact is already the target of furious attacks in the Arab world: It has split the Arab nations; it has delivered one part into the hands of the "imperialist oppressors of the West" and is driving the other part into the deadly embrace of the Russians. There is pretty general agreement, both in the Arab world and beyond, that the pact is a creature of the West; hence, of course, its horrid nature in the eyes of all those who suspect the western powers of incurable imperialism.

There is, however, really no need to look for western pressures in order to account for Nuri's policy, for he had many good reasons of his own for adopting it. To begin with, the idea of a Northern Tier was bound to have certain obvious attractions for any Iraqi statesman brave enough and strong enough—as Nuri had made himself by his imposition of quasi-dictatorial rule—to ignore the xenophobic nationalism of the mobs that have been taught to regard western "imperialism" and "Zionism" rather than the Soviet Union as the chief threat to their nationalist aspirations.

But that was not all. The idea appealed to the Arab nationalist or the anti-imperialist in Nuri as well as to the anti-Communist. Iraqi nationalism had become increasingly resentful of Britain's economic and military hold on the country. Under the terms of the Anglo-Iraqi Treaty of 1930 Britain had built two airbases in Iraq and had the right to full military facilities on Iraqi territory in time of war. Nuri saw an opportunity to kill two birds with one stone: to lay the foundation for cooperation in the field of defense with some of his neighbors, which he considered valuable in itself, and by so doing to maneuver the British into a position where they could hardly refuse to loosen their grip on his country. And that, of course, is precisely what the Baghdad Pact has achieved for him. Far from tying Iraq closer to the West, by replacing the Anglo-Iraqi Treaty it has greatly loosened the ties that bound Iraq to Britain.

ORIGINALLY the pact contained no more than a promise of "co-operation for security and defense." That was literally all. And since Iraq had previously been bound to the West by the much farther-reaching commitments contained in the Anglo-Iraqi Treaty of 1930, there was no question of its having joined the western camp through signing the Baghdad Pact. It was already in this camp, just as Pakistan already belonged to it before it signed the pact.

One could go further and argue

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that the Russians as well as the Arab nationalists really have more reason to be pleased than angered by the pact insofar as it has considerably weakened the British position in Iraq. Nuri himself has never made any bones about the fact that this was one of his main objects in embarking on the enterprise. He wanted to "liberate Iraq from the treaty," as he put it. He was just as keen to get rid of the British forces as the Egyptians were to get the British out of the Suez area. But he went about it in a much shrewder fashion. In signing the agreement with Turkey that was to lay the foundations for the Northern Tier, he made a gesture to the West that cost him very little and procured him considerable benefits. The only price he had to pay was the hostility of some of those groups that for a long time had controlled the Street. And he had already given short shrift to them when, in 1954, he disbanded all political parties in Iraq and muzzled the country's press.

The result was that Nuri obtained a much better deal from the British than Nasser had managed to get. Like Nasser, he got rid of the British forces. But while Egypt still is obliged to allow Britain the use of its old base and other facilities whenever it wants them for the defense of Turkey or any of the Arab states, Iraq is under no obligation to allow a single British soldier or airman on its territory, except under the pact's provision for joint training, until its own soil is attacked. Even then, Iraq must ask for British help before Britain can claim facilities. In other words, in spite of the Baghdad Pact—or better still, thanks to it—Iraq has secured for itself the right to practice a policy of strict neutrality.

Of course Nuri is a dictator, but to say that Nuri and Nuri alone supports the Baghdad Pact is wide of the mark. His most serious competitor for power, Saleh Jabr, is no less convinced of its usefulness to Iraq. Only the splinter groups on the Left and the Right follow the Egyptian line. But their leaders themselves admit that they see no prospect of achieving electoral victory in the foreseeable future even in the freest elections. For the social structure of the country is still such as to ensure that the largely illiterate rural populace will fill most of the seats in Parliament with local notables, landlords, and tribal chiefs, who at present account for seventy-eight out of its 135 members and who, many themselves illiterate, tend to follow statesmen like Nuri and Jabr rather than the demagogues of Left and Right.

The Army and the Palace

Why then has Nuri found it necessary to resort to such crude practices in order to safeguard his régime? The answer is, of course, that in the Arab world there are other roads to power than the one that leads through the ballot box. Had not

Mossadegh won without it in Iran? He won power by appealing to the Street instead of to the electorate. He mobilized the Street so successfully that the great majority in Parliament, which only a few months earlier had ridiculed him as a charlatan, accepted his leadership, partly out of fear of the Street, partly because many of its members had themselves succumbed to his nationalist demagogy. Nuri as well as King Feisal has clearly taken that lesson to heart.

Even a strong man like Nuri, however, cannot destroy the demagogues or the passions and prejudices upon which they feed. He can only disorganize them, muzzle them, and thus almost inevitably drive them underground, there to conspire and seek allies in the two quarters with whose help alone, now that the mob dare not show its head, they can hope to undo him: the army and palace. For the moment, neither seems likely to lend itself to their machinations. But danger could come from these quarters. The army may be apolitical now, but it has not always been so. Far from it. As for the palace, if ever its youthful occupant should feel the need or the desire to strike an attitude by getting rid of Nuri and all he stands for, as his cousin Hussein in Jordan got rid of the English Glubb, he will not be lacking in the power to do so. Not only does he have the constitutional right to dismiss the Prime Minister; he derives additional power from the fact that in feudal Iraq his will carries a good deal of weight with the numerous landowners and chieftains in Parliament, many of whom are palacemen rather than followers of Nuri.

So much for the leading actors on Iraq's political stage or just off it: the statesmen, the demagogues, the army, and the palace. There remains the question of where the spectators stand. Is Nuri doing enough quickly enough with his vast oil revenues to carry the people with him by narrowing the gulf which at present still separates them from the ruling class? The program under which some $500 million has been spent since 1950 and another $700 million is being spent in the present five-year period on improving the country's economic equipment has not been accompanied by a concurrent program of social and agrarian reforms. Under these circumstances it is almost inevitable, however painstaking the government's and the Development Board's precautions against profiteering, that these vast expenditures are benefiting the contractors and entrepeneurs far more than the great sharecropping mass of the populace.

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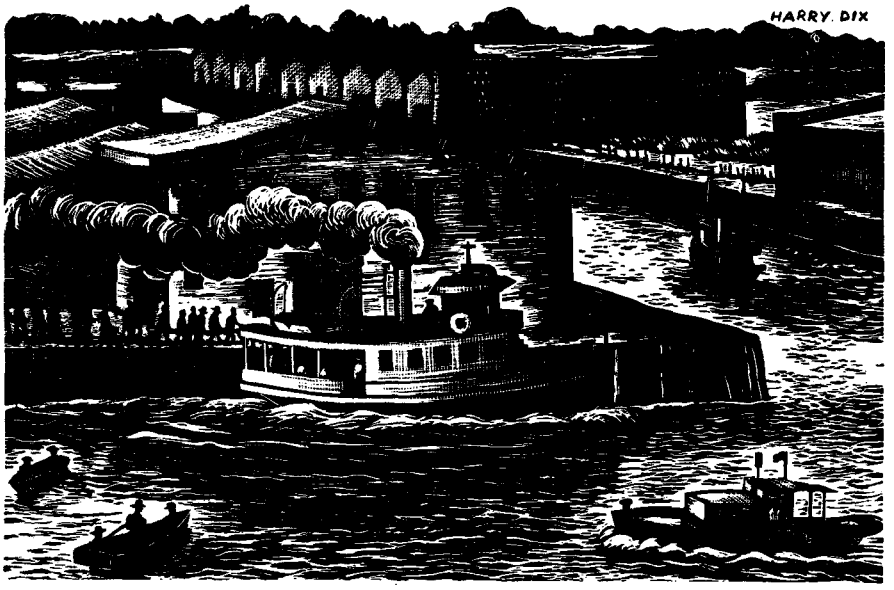

AT HOME & ABROAD

Civil War In Alabama's Citizens' Councils

DOUGLASS CATER

IN ITS MARCH ISSUE, the *Southerner,* official organ of the North Alabama Citizens' Councils, ran a lengthy critique of the craze for "rock and roll" music which is affecting youth in the Deep South as elsewhere. "The uninitiated listener feels a physical and soul-quaking blow as the utter beast is brought to the surface; as the vulgarity of the meaning slaps home to the heart. . . .," the *Southerner* warned. "The entire moral structure of man, of Christianity, of spirituality in Holy Marriage . . . of all that the white man has built through his devotion to God; all this, was crumbled and snatched away, as the white girls and boys were tuned to the level of the animal. As the sweating blacks lulled their heavy beat, the white children's conversation flowed around the auditorium, replete with the coarse negro phrases . . ."

"Rock and roll" was linked with sin, with degradation, with Communism—and with integration. A few weeks later, 150 vigilantes, most of them members of the North Alabama Citizens' Councils, met at Anniston to decide what should be done about the menace. According to their later testimony, they had merely intended to infiltrate the Birmingham Municipal Auditorium during a concert to be given there by Nat "King" Cole, a Negro singer and arranger who does not, incidentally, specialize in "rock and roll." They had hoped to commandeer the microphone and deliver a lecture on segregation to the all-white audience. But their plans fell through. Only six vigilantes showed up at the concert, where they decided to forgo the lecture and assault Cole physically. After knocking him down at the microphone, they were hauled off by Birmingham police, who had been tipped off to expect trouble.

The vigilantes got little glory in their own country. The audience gave a five-minute ovation to the dazed singer. A municipal judge imposed the maximum fine and jail sentence on the four convicted of misdemeanors, and the other two are to be tried for assault with intent to murder. The judge praised Cole for his deportment. Editors, magistrates, and ordinary citizens alike expressed disgust over the assault, which was the first manifestation of violence in Alabama that could be traced directly to the Citizens' Councils. Hopefully, some feel that this reaction may have a beneficial effect in the long run. At any rate, it exposed in ugly fashion the dilemma of the Citizens' Councils.

THE CITIZENS' COUNCILS, born in Mississippi in the summer of 1954, were mainly the brain child of Robert Patterson, a thirty-two-year-old Delta plantation owner. Some of their principal exponents are Georgians, including the present state attorney general and a former governor. But it has been in Alabama, lying between these two states, that the tensions of change have produced the most varied development. In Alabama, the Citizens' Councils movement flourished, became diversified, and is now engaged in a kind of civil war between the state's northern and southern factions.

It is not difficult to understand how this rift developed, for the philosophy of the Citizens' Councils is subject to widely divergent interpretations. On the surface, the Councils have made a great show of openness. They adopted the view of Edmund Burke that "All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing," and in support of their resolve, "We will not be integrated!," they have cited everything from Holy Writ to Albert Schweitzer. They formed committees and subcommittees, extending the organization from community to community and tying into loosely knit state groupings.

But although the leaders eschewed the hooded garments of the Klan, they have kept most of their intentions veiled. They have deliberately avoided any speculation on what the Councils will do to meet a particular crisis in a particular community. Although they renounce violence, the possibility of violence hangs over their gatherings. At an organization meeting in Marengo County, one of the first in Alabama to form a Council, a workingman got up to pose a

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problem that was bothering him. "I'm for this thing," he said, "but I'm a workingman and I work beside Negroes every day. If they learn I'm a member they may slack off and put more work on me. What about that?" "Hit the black nigger with a goddam brick!" someone in the audience suggested. The chairman hurriedly turned to other matters.

Lacking any constructive program or much opportunity for group participation, the Councils tend to attract and lose support in a rather mercurial fashion. There is usually a big turnout whenever a local incident stirs community indignation, and then a sharp falling off as interest wanes. More than eight hundred people showed up for the first meeting of the Butler County Citizens' Council last fall when Negroes had petitioned to be admitted to the white school, but less than 150 were present at the second meeting a few weeks later after the county board of education had rejected the petition. The chairman floundered around for a while without much enthusiasm, finally dismissing the meeting with the admonition, "We want to help the Negroes have better schools and better opportunities. But when we help them it will be because we want to, not because they demand it."

'Are You for Us or Agin' Us?'

The two Council factions in Alabama claim a total of some one hundred thousand members, but

many suspect that the figure has been padded generously. There are suspicions, too, about the outlay of the sizable revenue, which comes in at the rate of $3.50 annual dues from each member. On one copy I saw of the North Alabama Citizens' Council's constitution, the section specifying that officers must receive no salary had been crossed out.

It would be a mistake to minimize the actual and potential impact of the Councils. When a state N.A.A.C.P. convention and a Negro petition to enter the white schools arrived in swift succession in the little city of Selma, in the heart of the black belt, the Citizens' Council quickly took over. Within a week after the petition, most of the Negro signers were out of their jobs. The social and economic pressure on white businessmen to declare themselves in support of the Citizens' Council is reportedly overwhelming in Selma.

In Montgomery, the state capital, a rally of twelve thousand was held during the most tense period of the bus boycott, a record gathering for that area. Unlike the residents of smaller communities, however, the average Montgomery businessman has so far felt no compulsion to declare himself for or against the Citizens' Council.

For the politician, the pressure to take a stand has been much stronger. The various Councils recently sent a series of questionnaires to all candidates for state and local office in Alabama's May 1 primary. Notarized answers were requested. About half the candidates replied, dutifully running through the catechism of "Are you for segregation?," "Are you for mixing whites and Negroes in our schools?," etc. A number, however, balked at giving a categorical answer to "Do you here and now deny the Negro vote?," some of them inserting "N.A.A.C.P." before answering affirmatively. The Councils have not made public the answers to such questions as "Are you willing to submit to this office a notarized list of the organizations contributing to your campaign?" and ". . . will you join a unit of the Citizens' Councils of Alabama?" But no one protested out loud over this effort of the Councils to set themselves up as a board of control over Alabama's election process.

Bourbons vs. Rednecks

Despite their effort to enforce conformity, the Alabama Councils are now split into two openly warring factions. State Senator Sam Englehardt, executive director of the Citizens' Councils of Alabama, has called Asa ("Ace") Carter, director of the North Alabama Citizens' Councils, a radical, and Carter has called Englehardt a coward. Each of the leaders has pledged to destroy the other's organization.

The division, much more than a conflict of personalities, is really a conflict of two ways of life. It is part of the old feud between the Bourbon and the Redneck.

Senator Englehardt, who owns a cotton gin and a country store, represents Macon County, which has one of the highest proportions of Negro to white citizens in the entire

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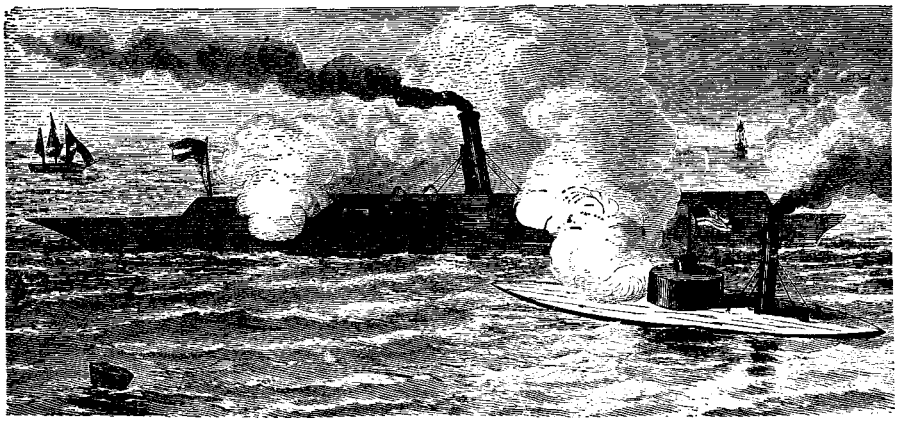

South. Also in Macon County is the Tuskegee Institute, with its large numbers of educated Negroes able and, of late, eager to push for change in the rigidly defined patterns of conduct by which Englehardt has been used to getting along with Negro employees and customers. But if these pressures for change have driven Englehardt into the Councils, the problem of numbers gives him a certain cautious realism.

Ace Carter, a thirty-two-year-old former radio commentator, comes from the less fertile upland country of Alabama where Negroes are less numerous and where the white mill hands and small dirt farmers are apt to express their feelings about Negroes in more violent terms. There is little of the tradition of benevolent paternalism that affects a man like Englehardt.

Carter, without the same restraint on his prejudices as Englehardt, has reverently praised the Confederate heroes who founded the original Klan and has called for a drastic program of action, including jail sentences for Federal judges who uphold the Supreme Court ruling, and impeachment for Governor James Folsom. Reiterating some of the anti-Semitic propaganda from his commentator days, he has limited membership in the North Alabama Councils to those who believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ. Candidates or would-be candidates for public office are to be excluded as officers in his Councils because, as one aide explained, "You can never trust a politician. He'll do anything he thinks will get him votes."

The first flare-up between the two groups came on the anti-Semitism issue. Englehardt opposed it, arguing that "We can't fight everybody. If so, we won't have anybody left to help us." When the "rock and roll" fury of the Carter group reached its climax, Englehardt and his associates determined to take over the various units of the North Alabama Councils. They claim substantial successes, but Carter, in turn, says he has Englehardt on the run. Not long ago, Englehardt's group staged a rally in Birmingham in an attempt to attract Council members in Carter's home territory. Carter drew a much larger audience to a showing of "The Birth of a Nation" a few blocks away.

The leaders of the more moderate Englehardt Councils are no doubt sincere when they denounce violence as a method of settling the South's racial problems. They posted a reward for the arrest of the culprit who threw a bomb onto the front porch of the Reverend Martin Luther King, Negro leader of the Montgomery bus boycott. They also repudiated Leonard Wilson, the loquacious University of Alabama sophomore who managed to get himself expelled over the Autherine Lucy episode.

But it is by no means clear that they can control the momentum of their organization. Their literature, a curious amalgam showing the influence of all sorts of extremist groups, makes no attempt to appeal to reason. One widely circulated Council document purports to be the transcript of a speech made by a Negro "high in the councils of the N.A.A.C.P.," dwelling at length on the white woman's preference for the Negro man. The N.A.A.C.P. has called it a hoax.

In the frenzied drive to stimulate attendance at their meetings, the Englehardt Citizens' Councils import such incendiary speakers as Georgia Attorney General Eugene Cook, Georgia editor Roy Harris, and, on very special occasions, former Georgia Governor Herman Talmadge. "Old Roy Harris is pretty radical," one Council official told me with a chuckle, "but he sure stirs them up." Appeals for "restraint" ring hollow after such vitriol.

'The Ultimate Threat'

Council leaders, many of whom were leading figures in the Dixiecrat revolt of 1948, claim that the present movement is nonpolitical. Their definition of "nonpolitical" is a curious one. "The Council doesn't have a slate of candidates, but I might show somebody how I was planning to vote if he asked me," said one official, pulling a ballot from his pocket to demonstrate.

On the regional level, a number of prominent Council officers last year formed a Federation for Constitutional Government, with the stated objective of resisting the nomination of "leftist" candidates for President. Eleven of the Federation leaders, in turn, are on the national policy committees of For America, the ultranationalist group organized in 1954 which includes massive air power, the abolition of the Federal withholding tax, and states' rights among its confusing array of principles.

Planning for a third-party movement is very much a part of this interlocking alliance. The national director of For America, Brigadier General Bonner Fellers, U.S.A. (Ret.), recently told a reporter from *Congressional Quarterly*: "I just don't think the South is going along with the Democratic Party this year. If we can get one hundred electoral votes out of the South, we won't need many more to throw the elections into the House of Representatives. That is the strategy and that's the ultimate threat."

Conceivably, then, the Citizens' Councils could become part of an ambitious attempt to capture the Presidency. Or it may be that men like Ace Carter will gain the ascendancy and devote all the Councils' energies to the ruthless extermination of rock and roll.

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A Quiet Evening At the Whig-Clio

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

A MIDDLE-AGED student of foreign affairs gave an unexceptionable little twenty-five-minute lecture on "The Meaning of Geneva" to the Whig-Cliosophic debating society of Princeton University on April 26. He said "Geneva coincided with, if it did not cause, a change in the international atmosphere," and gave long gray passages of evidence, filled with patches from the texts of speeches in the New York *Times* and quotations from Secretary Dulles, the President, Prime Minister Eden, and the Pope. The speaker made one point: The Geneva desire to conciliate East and West, founded on the necessity of avoiding mutual destruction, is more realistically grounded than that of the Yalta period, which was built on assumed good will. Geneva may be the one summit conference that was held, not after, but instead of, a war.

No speaker could have asked for a more attentive audience. Two hundred students filled every seat of the debating society's auditorium, applauded politely when the speaker was introduced, listened intently to everything he said, laughed at his little academic jokes, asked him nine courteously intelligent questions, and stood up to clap for him when he left.

In his speech he read a "sincere" letter from a man in Nantucket, and noted, in an aside, that "Nantucket is a very sincere place." They laughed. He quoted Senator McCarthy's statement that George Washington would not have shaken hands with the Russians at Geneva, and observed: "That is the kind of statement it is a little hard to check." Again the students laughed. He put on and took off his glasses in the approved professorial manner; he dealt with questions with extreme academic caution, quoting Lowell's *Biglow Papers* about the unwisdom of attempts at prophecy; he delimited the topic with the nice distinction of the expert, and his answers were a model, if not almost a parody, of modesty and the scholarly manner: "I tend to agree . . ."; "Well, of course we would talk a long time about that question . . ."; "Yes, but at the same press conference didn't he also say. . ."

The students matched this extraordinary academic propriety with an extraordinarily proper and sober performance of their own, and after fifty-seven minutes the very proper meeting came to its very proper end.

It was a strange little gathering—dry and unexciting in itself, yet held tightly to its undramatic, ordinary, uneventful course by the dramatic and extraordinary events that surrounded it. Never did a meeting more obviously take place on two quite different levels, and never was the overt level, of the words that people spoke, more completely overshadowed by everyone's unspoken thoughts on quite another subject. They all talked politely of Geneva, the smaller powers, and the Middle East, but the unuttered focus of everyone's attention was not at all on these great impersonal problems, but on the appearance and character of the speaker, on what he might reveal of himself, and on what might happen because he had come this night to make this speech. The outward form was that of a stiff little discussion of a point in current affairs; the real inward reality was the appearance of Alger Hiss at Princeton University.

Formality as Escape

This real business of the evening made itself felt in an occasional momentary wavering of Mr. Hiss's careful control of himself, especially when he first left his manuscript to end his speech and open the meeting to questions; it also made itself felt in a little mistake of the chairman when he talked about the time available for questions; in the unnatural stillness when Hiss entered the hall; in the nervous release that came in each small chance to laugh.

Hiss started with some brief and ironic remarks about the "gratifying interest in foreign affairs" that the warm attention to this meeting indicated. Then he made a little joke about its almost bringing about a "second Battle of Princeton." No one knew quite how to respond to those words; they were couched in the terms that any friendly visiting speaker might use, joining the audience and himself in a common ironic viewpoint on the events he talked about.

But the audience was not really joined with Alger Hiss in any ordinary relationship of a speaker to his hearers. It did not know, indeed, just how to take him, for neither ordinary friendliness nor ordinary hostility seemed to fit this extraordinary situation. How does one respond to a convicted perjurer and an archsymbol of treachery, who is nevertheless a quiet and disarming guest, speaking innocuously at one's own hotly contested invitation, on a slightly boring subject? The solution to that was the thoroughgoing formality with which the whole event was suffused. At the end, two-thirds of the audience stood and clapped as Hiss left; probably they did it mostly from an overflow of that same formality. But by then there may have been something else in it: a half-reluctant little nod of approval for the guts with which this guy, whatever he has done or may be, had carried off the ordeal of the evening. Under the circumstances, to rise even to the level of academic dullness was an achievement.

THE QUESTIONS inched their way over as close as they could, within the limits of the staid courtesy of the meeting, to the edge of the area of unspoken things: Did Geneva have its roots in the failures of Yalta? Would the twentieth century be the century of Communism? Was it still the object of the Soviets to Communize the world? But the students, and the fifty members of the press waiting in the seats allotted them in the balcony to pounce on any morsel of hot news, were disappointed. Outside, a crowd of students, cameramen, and photogra-

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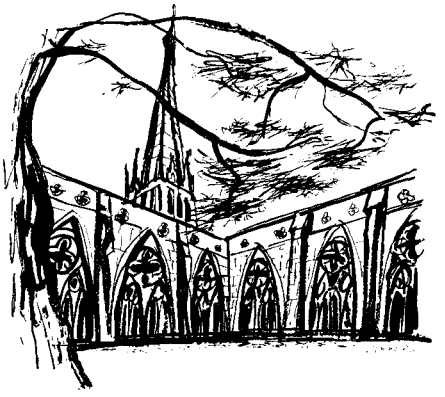
phers was to be disappointed, too. The television lights made the building look like the opening of a supermarket in Hollywood; newsreel cameramen, members of the press, and photographers waited for Hiss to emerge. The green station wagon in which he had arrived pulled up to the front door, and the crowd waited expectantly. Meanwhile, Hiss was spirited out the back way; a Cadillac, kept waiting in the bushes by the president's house, came up quietly without any lights. Before the crowd in the front of the building could come around to catch it the last chance for a story escaped, and Alger Hiss was driven away from his speech at Princeton. Nelson B. Gaskill, '96, had been so angry that he took his Whig-Clio medal and pitched it into the river; maybe if he could have seen how they got through the evening, he would have fished it out again.

Father Halton's 'Darkest Hour'

Another meeting had been held in Princeton the night before Hiss spoke, this one arranged by Father Hugh Halton, the extremely pugnacious chaplain to Catholic students, who in the last two years has attacked philosophers and religionists of the university in running arguments in sermons and in advertisements in the Princeton paper. Now he took on the debating society, the administration, and the trustees, for allowing the Hiss meeting. He arranged a meeting to precede it, and to try to counteract it, that would feature a speech by Willard Edwards of the Chicago *Tribune* on "The Meaning of Alger Hiss." Like the meeting that followed it, this one was well publicized and well attended; unlike it, it left no levels of meaning unexpressed.

Father Halton, who has a certain resemblance to Jack Dempsey, opened the meeting with a short, tough speech condemning the trustees and the administration for lacking the "courage or integrity" to "apply authority and discipline." He spoke of the spiritual crisis in the university—the Hiss affair, he said, was but a boil on the skin, revealing the bad blood beneath. He said, "Freedom divorced from authority and discipline is a frightening thing."

The students' response to all this was to hoot and groan and laugh. One was reminded of a student audience at a bad movie: They spot all the phony places, and are perfectly willing to let everybody know what they think of them. When Father Halton suggested that maybe next the university would allow the invitation of "unrepentent prostitutes," the students gave a loud, mocking



cheer. They booed and groaned at Halton's banner line, "This is Princeton's darkest hour." They were particularly vocal against Halton's quite explicit claim that they were "immature," and his reference to "unformed minds."

A SURPRISE SPEAKER had come in with Halton and Edwards, to the thoroughly articulated amusement of the audience. Father Halton ended his opening remarks by introducing him: "I give the nation a chance to judge the maturity of Princeton students, by introducing T. James Tumulty." At this the students gave an interesting indication of their own internal struggle: One student called out "Quiet! Quiet!" and for that one moment, after Halton baited them to demonstrate against Tumulty, they were mostly silent. But then when Jersey City's Representative began to speak, it was too much, and the catcalls broke out again. Tumulty said he was a better friend of Princeton than they, he made several blatant references to the boys who died in Korea, he repeated some of his own favorite lines from a speech of his in Congress; he said the Administration should take the boys across its knee and "paddle their Red aspirations." Father Halton laughed heartily at that one. By the time the speaker of the evening was introduced, the students were ready to greet him with all the quite considerable measure of derision at their command.

The Calm Mr. Edwards

But Mr. Edwards surprised them. He took quite a different tack from those who shared the platform with him. He said he wouldn't enter into the controversy over whether Hiss should come to Princeton, but would confine himself to Hiss's record. Then he gave a clear, careful, quietly told summary of Hiss's life and Hiss's case, a story whose full and emotional meaning the students, maybe twelve years old at the time Hiss was convicted, may never really have grasped. Midway in Edwards' speech, one was conscious of a distinct change in the audience. Where before they had been a crowd of hooting, laughing boys, full of boisterous disdain for the foolishness and authority of their elders, now they were undergraduates in quite another way. They listened respectfully, took notes, absorbed what this man was telling them, got ready to ask intelligent questions. Their reaction foreshadowed the careful propriety of the meeting the next night, and gave the clue to their own feelings.

WHATEVER PROPORTION of boyishness in spring, and baiting of their elders, and curiosity, and crowd-seeking may have been involved in extending an invitation to Hiss, there was still another side inextricably mixed with all these collegiate characteristics, to the Princeton students who issued and defended it. That more responsible side was brought out by the trust that their university placed in them. For the students the issue was not Alger Hiss, or free speech, but the respect with which their own judgment was to be treated—even when that judgment was wrong. The students' feeling on that question was made plain in the prolonged applause and heartfelt enthusiasm that greeted Mr. Edwards's answer to one key question. "I take it from your last remarks," said a student, "that you disagree with Father Halton and would not deny Hiss's right to speak here." "I don't think I'll comment on that," said Edwards. "That's Princeton's business, not mine."

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The Tribulations Of a State Senator

DUANE LOCKARD

IN FORTY-TWO of the forty-eight states this year some six thousand state legislators will be chosen, and the odds are that you will hardly know the names of the ones you vote for, much less the relative merits of the candidates. You will be voting on faith because state legislators are not big news. Their records are little publicized; their campaign pronouncements rank with want ads for newspaper prominence.

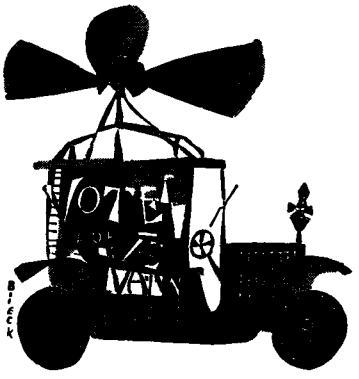
Having gone through the process of trying to attract the attention of the voters in a campaign for the Connecticut senate, I am certain that most people are unaware of their state legislators. I campaigned in a district of some fifty-five thousand people in the eastern part of my state, and although the area is small it was impossible to meet and talk with more than a small fraction of the voters.

My qualifications for the job—that I had studied and taught and written on state government—were never very widely known, in spite of newspaper advertising, speeches, posters, and even one costly TV appearance. My political mentors, incidentally, were rather concerned over the fact that I am a professor. They were careful to emphasize that I had once been a coal miner.

Early in the campaign my party's candidate for governor spoke at a dinner meeting and I followed him on the rostrum. One man in the rear of the room said to the ladies at his table, who included, as it happened, my wife: "Who's this guy? Nobody ever heard of him; they sure were stupid to nominate him." My wife, without identifying herself, argued my merits but left him unimpressed. "You gotta be well known to win that job," he asserted with assurance.

How wrong he was! I won as an unknown, and largely, I am forced to admit, because the Democratic Party was doing well, for most of my votes were certainly cast by people who had hardly even heard of me. Campaigning and publicity helped me, no doubt, but the margin of victory must have come from those who knew next to nothing about me. Even now most of my constituents do not know me. On one occasion when I was introduced to someone as a senator, he asked me how things were in Washington.

WHAT IF YOU DO vote for a name? What does state government matter today? With the hue and cry that has been raised about transfer of functions to Washington, surely the important decisions are made by



Congressmen rather than by state legislators. I might have agreed with this at one time, but not now. You grant more power than you probably realize when you vote for a state legislator.

For one thing the Eisenhower Administration came to power pledged to return more powers to the states and stop the "usurpation of our liberties" through growth of "bureaucracy in Washington." It has turned back a few of those powers, notably the control over tidelands oil, and its program of "partnership" on water and land resources promises more in that direction. Eisenhower's Commission on Intergovernmental Relations made a strong appeal not so much for the return of powers to the states as for retaining powers there and for placing as much responsibility as posible for future problems at the states' doors.

Even if these current developments had never taken place, the role of state government would still be significant. We can confidently expect the state legislators chosen this fall to pass about twenty-five thousand bills, to spend perhaps $20 billion, and to make some crucial decisions on such matters as highways, education, public welfare, mental health, transportation, labor relations, civil rights, and control over local governments.

Musical Chairs

Roughly half of the six thousand legislators you are going to elect will be entering the legislatures for the first time. Most legislators cannot afford to serve more than one term. In Connecticut we are paid a handsome $300 a year for the months of work we put in at Hartford. You have to be rich, retired, or crooked not to suffer financially in most state legislatures.

The game of musical chairs at the state capital cuts the efficiency of the legislature. It is a rare first-termer who can contribute much. A handful of veteran legislators and in many, if not most, states a few party leaders make the important decisions. Even the conscientious newcomer can be misled into playing the game of the crafty few. I once voted unknowingly for a bill containing a rider exempting legislators from highway tolls while increasing them for other motorists. It was weeks after the close of the session before most of us realized that the rider had been stuck in by the chairman of the house's finance committee. Although the bill has since been repealed, few actions of the Connecticut General Assembly have done more to lower its prestige, and it illustrates the power the well-placed few can exercise.

Not even committee chairmen in Connecticut wield more power than the party leaders, however, and by party leaders I do not mean the majority and minority leaders but persons outside the legislature. State party chairmen and important city and county leaders are often the ones who decide a bill's fate. Caucuses are held frequently—in the

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senate daily and in the house once or twice a week—and there the party position is decided. Once the decision is made it is unusual for a legislator to vote independently.

At times I refused to go along with my Democratic colleagues, but in general I did not find it impossible to agree with the group decisions.

One advantage of the caucus, whatever its drawbacks, is that the party in the legislature takes a stand as a unit so that the public may judge the party's policy. To have every man go his own way often is tantamount to elimination of responsibility, for, if my argument about the relative anonymity of state legislators is correct, the records of individuals are simply not scrutinized. The record of a party as a whole cannot easily be hidden.

Rule by the Black Box

In Connecticut the caucus combines with strong party leadership to provide a tightly controlled system. State party chairmen traditionally are strong in Connecticut. J. Henry Roraback typified the old-time state party boss; John Bailey is a perfect example of the more modern type.

Roraback ruled Connecticut's Republican Party (and it is said he ran the Democratic Party too at times) from 1912 until his death in 1937. Connecticut was a strictly one-party state for most of that time, and by ruling the Republican Party Roraback ruled the state. By judicious combination of rural Yankee voting strength and rising industrial, banking, insurance, and power interests, Roraback made the state safe for the well-heeled interests that backed him. To accomplish his end he exercised iron-fisted control over governors and legislators alike.

In the early 1920's, Roraback became displeased with one of "his" governors, so when Calvin Coolidge, then Vice-President, came to Hartford to make a speech, the governor was "disciplined." Every nabob of any standing in the party was invited to sit on the platform with the illustrious speaker. But where was the governor? Up in the remotest balcony, in the only seat he could find! The unfortunate governor in due course was denied renomination.

During legislative sessions, so the

THE PRESS IN A ROSE-COLORED MIRROR

ERIC SEVAREID

There was a time when one kind of man ran the Ameircan press: the combination owner-editor. He became an owner because he wanted to be an editor, that is, to speak his mind. This is generally changed now in the daily press. Most owners are owners because they want to own. Editors they hire. So two kinds of men now run the daily press; and each spring they forgather separately. The owners, who are chiefly interested in how space is sold, gather in New York and talk about the newspaper business; the editors, who are chiefly interested in how space is filled, gather in Washington and talk about the newspaper profession. The owners briefly discuss how well the press is fulfilling its responsibilities, and find the answer is very well indeed. The editors discuss the same question, less briefly, and find the answer is fairly well, with qualifications.

This makes the editors' meeting more interesting to the general public and to cousinly colleagues, like this reporter, who believes, with no feeling whatever of treason to his own medium, that America would wither away without a free and outspoken press. The editors have been meeting here recently and permitting some gadflies to sting them. A few resented the stings, others enjoyed them, and still others seem to require this process, like pinching oneself, to feel alive for a moment.

None of this season's gadflies stung quite so sharply as last season's chief gadfly, Robert Maynard Hutchins, but some of the buzzing about is worthy of attention. President Grayson Kirk of Columbia University remarked how digested, predigested, and capsuled so much news has become. He thinks this is the way today's quickly bored American citizen wants it, but did not much explore the question of whether he gets it that way because he wants it or wants it because he gets it that way. He hinted at a conviction that outside of a few great papers the majority of dailies have become as much amusement carrousels as information vehicles. What he was suggesting is that while world news gets harder and harder to understand, most papers make it simpler and simpler by printing less of it.

The editors debated Senator Eastland's investigation of Communists—or rather former Communists—in the press, which happened, by remarkable coincidence, to concentrate almost exclusively on the country's greatest paper, the New York *Times*. Some papers approved this, a few thought the inquiry was one of the most serious attempts to intimidate the free press our history has seen. But what was enough to make both Greeley and Hearst turn in their graves was the fact that 112 of 193 papers in the largest cities took no editorial stand whatsoever. The *Wall Street Journal* editor didn't seem to think that this means editors were intimidated by the power of Congress. To others only three explanations seemed valid: Those 112 editors were intimidated, or asleep, or they didn't care. Anyway, the *Journal* man thought, such investigations are legitimate so long as editors *aren't* intimidated. This seemed like endorsing a man's right to yell "Fire!" in a crowded theater if nobody panics as a result.

Editors are concerned with two other investigations, besides investigation of the press by government—with investigation of the government by the press and investigation of the press by the press. They act vigorously on the second. Their committees have fought hard to break open government censorship of news at the source. This kind of peacetime censorship has been growing, though Sigma Delta Chi, the journalistic fraternity, may be overstating it with its claim that present Federal censorship is the worst in 168 years.

The editors react less vigorously on the third, investigation of the press by the press. Most of them backed away from investigating charges from responsible people that many dailies cheated in 1952 in their news and picture displays on Eisenhower versus Stevenson. Most of them have also backed away from formal proposals from inside the profession that a group be set up to monitor news fairness in this year's campaign.

There was a time when editors lambasted each other and seemed to enjoy it. These days very few of them seem to relish the role of lambaster or lambastee.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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story goes, Roraback had delivered to him after every day's session a black box containing all the following day's bills. After examining the bills, he cleared, rejected, or suggested revision of them as he personally saw fit.

The 'Messenger Boy'

The day is probably gone when any one man can exert that kind of power from outside state legislatures (at least, one hopes so), but lesser approximations of Roraback remain in vogue in more than one state. Connecticut's contemporary parallel is John Bailey, Democratic state chairman. If you want to get a bill through the senate when it is Democratically controlled, you would be well advised to consult with Bailey. A Harvard Law School contemporary of former Governor John Lodge, a Republican, Bailey is independently wealthy, intelligent, and incomparably well versed in the political and legislative history of Connecticut. He sits in on and influences Democratic caucuses, even though his power to discipline is virtually nonexistent, at least when compared with Roraback's. Although he refers to himself as "nothing more than a messenger boy for the governor," his actual authority in many policy matters is great.

Right now, Connecticut Republicans have no leader comparable to Bailey. Since Lodge's defeat for reelection in 1954, the Republicans have been unusually disorganized. His defeat was the signal for the beginning of an all-out fight for control of the party. The lobbyist therefore has to deal with at least three Republican leaders nowadays: the state chairman and the G.O.P. leaders of Fairfield and Hartford Counties.

Although divided, the Republican Party leadership still has considerable power in the legislature. For example, during the 1955 session the House (Republican) and the Senate (Democratic) took opposite positions on two education bills, and it appeared that both might fail, although there was some sentiment for a swap—each chamber agreeing to pass the other's bill in return for safe passage of its own. In discussing this problem with Bailey, I was advised to talk to a Republican house member who would in turn get in touch with Meade Alcorn, Hartford County G.O.P. leader, who would arrange the swap. Bailey told me: "If Alcorn agrees to go for this, there won't be any trouble. His word is good." Bailey was right. I made the suggestion to the House Republican, who talked to Alcorn. In short order both bills were passed without further difficulty.

'Improve It to Death'

It would be wrong, however, to assume that these political leaders are omnipotent. They are utterly unable to get some bills through and they cannot stop others. The primary-election law is a good example. Nearly every party leader around Hartford in 1955 was opposed to the idea of a primary. Why should they want one? As things stood, Connecticut was the only state without a primary in any form, which simply meant that it was easier for the bosses to choose their candidates in a convention without outside interference. Yet by luck, maneuvering, and the misfiring of one of the time-tested methods for killing a bill, the primary bill did become law.

Some Republicans were won over to the primary when they realized it might be a weapon to use against Bill Brennan, the G.O.P. boss of Fairfield County, who, they feared, might win party control in a convention. Probably the law would never have passed, however, had it not been for the misfiring of the "improve-it-to-death" weapon. This technique involves the amendment of a bill in one chamber so as to "improve" it (by making its restrictions more rigorous or its terms more inclusive), always in the hope that the other chamber will not accept the changes. Then you can piously point to your "record" of having passed the "best" bill, which the other chamber defeated. The primary bill made five trips between the two houses in this manner before both passed it.

In the final stages there was no place to hide; further amendment would have made it obvious to everyone that the leaders were trying to kill the bill. Thanks to the identification of the party with its legislative record—not that of scattered individuals—the political leaders' fears of the primary were overcome by their greater fear of retribution at the polls.

Rural Over-representation

The potential of our state legislatures to meet the problems of the people—by which means alone can the drift to Washington be stopped—depends on the legislature's becoming more representative and more efficient. In Connecticut, as in most states, the legislature is neither representative nor efficient.

It is not representative because the smallest hamlets have the same representation in the House of Representatives as the largest cities. One town with 261 residents has two members. Hartford, with nearly two hundred thousand, also has two. Indeed, the towns with fewer than five thousand—whose aggregate population is just over ten per cent of the total state population—have a majority of the house. (The population of the United States is two-thirds urban and one-third rural, but the rural one-third has about three-fourths of the representation of the state legislatures.) The Connecticut house is not representative of the urban population of the state—about seventy per cent of the whole—and in consequence urban problems are often ignored. Even though the largest cities are somewhat over-represented in the senate, the veto power in the house remains one of the most important facts about the politics of Connecticut. Rural voting strength in the house (which has been Republican since the Civil War except for three years in the 1870's) is allied with industrial and moneyed interests in the state to cut off such legislation as that aimed at raising the minimum wage for persons not covered by the Federal minimum-wage law.

Part Time in a Flood Tide

To be efficient, a legislative body must have adequate time for the lawmakers to give some consideration to the questions they must decide. In Connecticut, legislators feel lucky when they know what's going on.

Before you conclude that we are a bunch of dolts to get into such a position, look first at the demands placed upon a member's time. He is

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a part-time legislator to begin with. At $300 a year how can he be anything else? Time that he might spend studying bills has to be spent making a living. Nearly all the legislators commute to and from Hartford while the session is in progress. I spent more than two hours a day driving fifty miles each way from home to legislative hall. There are, in addition to strictly legislative chores, hundreds of minor errands to be run for constituents. I do not object to the task of acting as liaison man between the citizen and the bureaucracy—over unemployment compensation or eligibility for old-age relief and the like—but such chores take up time.

In the 1955 session of the Connecticut General Assembly we considered no fewer than 3,600 bills. I undertook to read every one of them as they came from the printers but soon had to give up. Later I tried to read the bills with favorable committee reports. Finally, in the end-of-session rush, not even that was always possible. All this work has to be done within five months. Constitutionally, the session must end when five months have elapsed.

Nor does the state legislator have a staff to assist him in research on bills or in handling constituents' problems. These jobs are his alone. One constituent, writing in to request a minor but time-consuming chore of me, said he knew I was busy and he did not want to waste my time, but could my office do it for him? My office! I had no office staff and indeed no office except for a corner in my hallway at home, where unsorted and unfiled letters, brochures, notes, and thousands of bills constantly threatened to bury my children under a paper cascade. It is the same way with most other state legislators. We are on our own, and you get worse laws as a result.

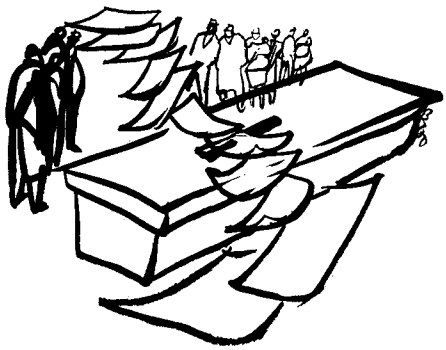
PATRONAGE questions also eat away at one's time. In one sense this may be the most useless use of legislative hours, but by the mores of American politics it appears unavoidable. The staffs of Connecticut's local courts are politically appointed, and with each change of administration there is a turnover of court personnel. When I had originally been asked to run for the senate, I had warned my backers that I would insist on a veto on court personnel recommended to the governor. I did not want to control the process or to appoint my own slate, but I did insist on a veto.

Making this veto stick for one of the towns in my district was a touchy job. Those whom I did not deem fit to be judges were outraged when I objected to their nomination. Meeting after meeting, often lasting until two or three o'clock in the morning, was called to iron out the matter. The rejectees pleaded with me in hurt tones: "Haven't we served the party well for years? Why kick us in the face like this?" My argument that professional competence as well as party service was a relevant consideration for appointment made little impression. I finally got my way, but malcontents told me to my face that I would be denied renomination and that "some old jerk without your smart-aleck ideas" would be nominated.

Dogcatchers . . .

The number of utterly insignificant bills is downright incredible. These trivia are of three kinds: local bills for specific municipalities, insignificant administrative matters, and minor economic-interest conflicts.

In Connecticut a high proportion of the proposals we consider are strictly local. We deliberate bills to decide whether clerks can be transferred from one municipal office to another in a given town. We approve the number of dogcatchers a small town should have. I spent con-



siderable time getting a bill passed to permit a change in the title of the chief of police in New London.

To these local bills must be added a great number of proposals that are of no general importance. Why should the Connecticut legislature have to decide, for example, whether cuspidors should be permitted in barbershops? To let such trivia be decided by administrative agencies makes far more sense than to ask legislatures to decide them. And where the local bills are concerned, it is foolish, not to say destructive of local government initiative, to turn over such questions to the state legislature.

. . . and Cat Fights

State laws regulate many professions and most businesses in considerable detail, and it is not uncommon for a business or professional group to try to rig the law so as to trim down or eliminate competition. Insurance agents try to deprive automobile dealers of the sale of auto insurance. Civil-engineering firms fight individually licensed engineers. Large garages try to keep gas stations out of the repair business. Liquor distributors oppose liquor distillers; one type of oysterman is against another; dentists argue with dental laboratorists over rights to dispense false teeth. An endless array of economic interests combat each other, all fighting in the name of free enterprise, public health and safety, or fair trade.

These conflicts come to the legislator. Often he doesn't know anything about the particular interest involved and would prefer to ignore the matter, but he can't. A drumfire of propaganda and pleading is his lot on each of these questions. I was deluged with material on the matter of the sale of insurance by auto dealers. Dozens of letters and telegrams poured in. Local dealers telephoned to plead with me—this in response to urging by their paid lobbyists to get after their local legislators. (I certainly got more than my money's worth out of the telephone company during that period. At times we had to take the phone off the hook to eat dinner without interruption.)

This sort of legislation brings out the least noble traits of legislators. The lawyer, insurance man, druggist, real-estate dealer, or automobile dealer who is a part-time legislator is not always scrupulously careful to separate his two roles.

ONE QUESTION often put me about my legislative experience is:

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Did you find that state legislators were crooked? Speaking of Connecticut, I must say that they are not crooked. Bribery is almost unheard of in my state. A few years ago a legislator was convicted of bribery in connection with a fireworks-regulation bill, but he was an exception. On the whole, there is probably less unethical behavior among legislators than among businessmen. Indeed, some more or less accepted business practices would be a ticket to political defeat or prosecution if legislators tried them. Whatever the reason—and I am inclined to think it is partly because of the absence of horse racing in the state—Connecticut legislators have a pretty clean record.

Another question I am frequently asked is: "With all the pulling, hauling, deceit, and backstage maneuvering that goes on in the legislature, weren't you disgusted and disillusioned?" I answer that I was not particularly disillusioned because I had watched the Connecticut legislature enough from the outside to see how the game was played, and therefore I had no illusions to be shattered. I admit that at times I was disgusted with the way in which my fellow legislators—and even I, for that matter—behaved. I sometimes made blindfold decisions and went along with propositions that I doubted, and I knew others were doing the same.

However, I have no feeling of revulsion about politics or about my membership in the legislature. Since the interests behind some proposals involved the pursuit of thousands or even millions of dollars, I did not expect the legislature to be a Sunday-school picnic. The stakes are high not only for those who seek monetary gain but also for those interested in court reform, mental health, or indeed the improvement of legislative practices. In the process of working for goals compromises are inevitable, even though it is often distasteful to have to make some of the compromises demanded.

Far from shrinking from political participation, though, I hope to continue it and I highly recommend it to my friends. Some fourteen thousand places are open on the ballots for state legislatures this fall. Are there any takers?

The G.O.P. Trial On the Oregon Trail

JOE MILLER

AMONG Oregon Republicans sentiment against Senator Wayne Morse burns with a savagery that even eclipses Old Guard hatred of Roosevelt. It became an obsession with many G.O.P. stalwarts after 1954, when Morse helped engineer the most humiliating Senatorial defeat Oregon Republicanism has suffered in forty years—the victory of Richard L. Neuberger over Guy Cordon, which gave the Democrats control of the U.S. Senate. "Since then," according to Wendell Wyatt, Oregon's G.O.P. chairman, "the one question on our minds has been: Who can beat Morse in 1956?"

On May 18 Oregon's Republican voters will make their choice in the closed party primary between Douglas McKay, retired Secretary of the Interior, and Philip Hitchcock, a former state senator.

Both candidates have declared Morse to be *the* issue. To a central Oregon crowd, McKay said: "Next to electing Eisenhower, the most important question before the American people is the defeat of Wayne Morse. That's why I resigned to make this race." Hitchcock told a Medford audience much the same thing: "There is only one issue in this primary: Who is the best man to beat Wayne Morse."

That Hitchcock, a near unknown making his first state-wide race, seems to have a chance to upset McKay may be traced to one fact alone: Many Republicans who otherwise would favor McKay believe that Hitchcock has a much better chance of beating Morse in November. They feel that McKay's stewardship of the Interior Department is vulnerable to the campaign Morse would make, and the Democrats whole-heartedly agree.

"I'm strong in the areas where Morse is strong," Hitchcock has been telling G.O.P. audiences, referring to labor and minority groups. "I have a record of consistency in supporting those things that Morse said he supported when he was originally elected as a Republican. I'm not on the defensive, as Mr. McKay necessarily would have to be. Nor am I an unwilling candidate, as Mr. McKay, by his own admission, is. If I am elected, I'll run in another six years, and my support of the Eisenhower Administration will not be confined to one department alone. I will represent the middle-of-the-road, humanitarian liberalism coupled with financial responsibility, without going to either extreme."

Except for this kind of appeal, it is an anomaly of this primary that both McKay and Hitchcock have been saying practically the same things—denunciation of Morse and praise of Eisenhower, with only minor variations in semantics.

If McKay has any self-doubts, they aren't visible. "I never worry what the bastards say about me," he has frequently been heard to say. Hitchcock, however, is cut from different cloth. He is soft-spoken and inclined to listen rather than talk. He has not been a conspicuous financial success; he ran a small lumber mill in central Oregon with only moderate success until 1943, when he went into the farm-implement business at Klamath Falls; it failed and then, after serving in the state senate, Hitchcock took a job at Lewis and Clark College as religion and public-relations director.

MCKAY, an eminently successful car dealer, perfectly fits the specifications of the typical small-town businessman in politics. His speeches are larded with clichés ("Faith, sacrifice, hardship, and thrift made this country great"); provincial beliefs and fear of new ideas ("Anyone who leans towards Communism, socialism, New Dealism, or Fair Dealism is un-American, in my opinion. . . . [They] represent

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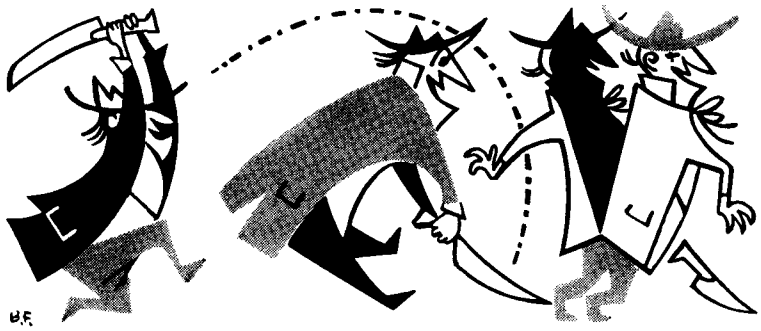
a basic concept of government that is foreign to our historic traditions and beliefs"); patriotism ("I've served my state and country now for twenty-seven years as public official and soldier"); frontier spirit ("My grandparents who came across the plains to Oregon in a covered wagon didn't sit around waiting for the government to give them something"); humility ("Can you imagine a country boy like me in a big job like that?"); familiarity with the great ("Why, Ike and Mamie are just like your neighbors over the back fence"); and broad humor ("When we were in Rome, Grandma asked me, didn't I think St. Peter's was beautiful? 'Sure,' I said, 'but have you seen the '55 Chevies?' ")

McKay accepts and follows the party program unquestioningly. At no time in his long public career—as state senator, governor, and Secretary of the Interior—has he ever challenged the status quo or attempted actually to shape policy himself. As governor he ducked controversial issues such as Hells Canyon, unlike Governors Langlie of Washington and Jordan of Idaho, who took definite positions.

'Poor Man's Campaign'

Hitchcock, in his six years as state senator from southern Oregon (he resigned when he moved to Portland), displayed more independence. He was one of only six senators to vote against an American Legion-sponsored teachers' loyalty-oath bill, and he was the author of Oregon's fair-employment-practices law. While he is certainly no liberal of the Morse brand, his thinking on many issues ranging from foreign policy ("The alternative to coexistence is coextinction") to power ("The Federal Government should build the multipurpose dams on the Columbia's main stem") probably comes close to the average Oregonian's thinking. His outlook, however, has been somewhat circumscribed by G.O.P. conservatism; in 1954 he surprised many liberals by campaigning for the archconservative Cordon. "I felt Neuberger was misrepresenting Cordon's record," Hitchcock explains. "While I didn't fully agree with Cordon, I felt he was being treated unfairly." Like



Morse, Hitchcock is a remarkably persuasive speaker; Paul Harvey, who covers the Oregon legislature for the Associated Press, has said that Hitchcock is the only man he has ever seen who actually could change votes by making a speech.

Not the least of Hitchcock's assets is his status as the leading Presbyterian layman in Oregon. The churches are a potent political force, and many of Hitchcock's campaign workers have been recruited from them.

Local polls and other more or less reliable sources indicate that Hitchcock actually has been gaining ground since McKay made his last-second entry. "I wouldn't have given a nickel for his chances the day filings closed," said Robert Frazier of the Eugene *Register-Guard*. "But I'm changing my mind. Hitchcock is capturing people's imaginations. I think he's got a real chance."

The experiences that McKay's campaign workers have been having partially indicate the scope of Hitchcock's "revolt." At La Grande in northeastern Oregon Charles Reynolds, a McKay aide, reported that it took him "six long days" to line up a luncheon audience for McKay. "Practically everyone I talked with was already committed to Hitchcock," he said. In southern and eastern Oregon Hitchcock's amateurs have lined up a more potent and active organization than McKay's professionals have.

FOUR FACTORS are helping Hitchcock's self-styled "poor man's" campaign:

¶ A strong current of feeling that the long-entrenched Oregon G.O.P. needs new blood and new candidates. Since 1954, when Neuberger was elected to the Senate and Democrats registered remarkable gains in state and county elections, liberal and younger Republicans have been increasingly restive under Old Guard leadership. Hitchcock has attracted almost this entire group to his cause; at the recent state-wide Young Republican convention at Eugene, at least ninety per cent of the delegates were wearing Hitchcock buttons.

¶ A substantial amount of discontent with McKay's record as Secretary of the Interior. "Many people," according to William Ireland, campaign manager for the late Governor Paul Patterson, "seem to have the idea that Doug gave something away." Hells Canyon is not the only issue that has roused anti-McKay sentiment. The Interior Department has a wide variety of interests in the state. For instance, it administers there the largest stand of virgin timber in the United States. McKay's decisions have evoked criticism among sportsmen, conservationists, small lumbermen, and people interested in Indian affairs.

¶ A desire to return to the moderate liberalism that kept Oregon locally Republican throughout the Roosevelt years. Many Republicans see Hitchcock, not McKay, as the legitimate heir of such Oregon G.O.P. liberals as Senator Charles McNary, Governors Charles A. Sprague and Julius L. Meier, and the pre-1952 Wayne Morse. (Hitchcock managed Morse's 1950 campaign in southern Oregon.)

¶ Resentment of dictation from the G.O.P. high command. "I had no intention of running until Hall and Adams talked to me," McKay admitted. This sort of talk does not set well with local Republicans.

Y.C.E.R.B.S.O.Y.A.

McKay is not discounting the urgency of his situation. He returned

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home on April 15 wearing a handkerchief initialed "Y.C.E.R.B.S.O.-Y.A." Someone asked him what it stood for. McKay grinned and offered a bowdlerized translation. "It means," he said, "that you can't elect Republicans by sitting down. And that means *this* Republican."

Since then, Doug and Mabel McKay have been campaigning in the handshaking, cracker-barreling way that is McKay's long suit. From the Owyhee to the Oregon coast, he has been popping up and down the streets of towns with a jaunty smile, a ready hand, and a quick "Hi, there, I'm Doug McKay—back home to ask for your vote." While McKay is out working the street, Mabel is meeting with the ladies at tea and telling them all about Washington life: "Herb Brownell is such a nice man . . . I feel Mrs. Nixon is taking the greatest beating, with her children so young and all."

McKay, a salesman all his life, has a real zest for the endless small talk and gumshoeing of handshake campaigning. My rough notes made on a tour of Redmond, a central Oregon community, may give something of the flavor:

McKay enters restaurant, shakes hands with a group of customers. Spots short-order cook and shouts, "Hi, Jess, haven't seen you since the Buckaroo Breakfast. How's your wife's back? Give her my best—and tell her to vote."

Enters florist shop, chats with lady proprietor. "You know, my daughter took horticulture at Oregon State. When she graduated she got a job at six bits an hour. One day I asked Mabel what we paid our cleaning lady an hour. She said $1.25. So that's all the good a college education is."

Meets man in overalls on street, shakes hands. Man says he's been working for Morse. McKay laughs. "Slumming, hey? That's O.K. We ought to get a lot of Democratic votes this fall." Walks on, sees big man across the street. "Say, there's old man Shields, the one-man track team. Hi, Art, has anyone busted your javelin record yet?"

Goes into Hogan's Haberdashery, sees painting of horse on wall, asks, "Who painted that?" Merle Hogan, proprietor, says he did. McKay says, "Say, that's real nice. You know, the President asked me for a picture of my horse, Eugene Peavine. Then he painted me a picture like that one. The President's a real good painter. Me, I'm best at painting fences."

And so on and so on. Afterward, someone asked McKay if he didn't find this kind of campaigning rough. "I guess so," he said, "but I've got rules to take it. Never stand up when you can sit down. Never sit up when you can lie down. When you get home at night, forget everything and go to sleep."

On the campaign rostrums, McKay is somewhat less effective and more sensitive to the criticism that he has received. "I'm not out here to defend my administration of the Interior Department," he told an audience at Bend. "There's just one thing I want to tell you. Don't believe anything you read or hear. There's no argument with this Administration over public or private ownership. It's the Democrats who want Federal monopoly or nothing, public power or nothing—same as the Karl Marx theory. These power policies are not McKay's policies. They are the policies the President enunciated in the campaign of 1952. He was elected by an overwhelming majority. The people must believe in them, too." On conservation: "They talk about conservation. Why, I was working for conservation when they were in short pants."

Conscious of Republican feeling that he would be on the defensive against Morse, he told a small crowd at Pendleton: "The Eisenhower Administration is not on the defensive in Oregon this year. It is the record of Morse that will need defense. Morse accepted a public trust from the people of Oregon. The time has come for him to defend his abuse of that trust."

Primary Etiquette

McKay's rapid strides are being matched by Hitchcock. Driving alone in a Nash with a bed in it or flying his lumberman brother's small airplane, Hitchcock is covering even more ground than the embattled McKay. Not a bad handshaker himself, he has risen at dawn almost every morning to meet workers in the lumber mills ("I'm an old canthook man myself. Started working in the woods when I was fifteen") and spent the days meeting with women's groups at coffee hours (more than 250 of them so far). Noontimes he speaks to service clubs, and in the evenings he addresses audiences on "Morse's Four Failures as a Senator."

Hitchcock has steadily refused to attack McKay's record, even though he has been urged to do so by such influential voices of Republican opinion as the Portland *Oregonian*. "I can't attack McKay," Hitchcock told me. "That would be attacking Eisenhower, and *that* would be suicide." This no-rocks-in-your-snowballs-during-the-primary policy was made by the campaign managers of both candidates and has limited campaign fireworks to denunciations of Morse, which is hardly new in Oregon Republicanism.

Privately, however, things aren't so polite. McKay rooters have been quietly saying that Hitchcock is a business failure, a nonveteran, and—most heinous of all—a United World Federalist (he isn't). Hitchcock partisans have been critical of "Give-away" McKay, contending that he was "kicked out" of the Cabinet.

As the Republican contenders fight it out, Morse has been strangely quiet. Almost alone among the Northwest's Congressional delegation, he failed to return to Oregon for the Easter recess. More recently, he canceled an Oregon speaking tour because of Senate duties. "Wayne is just waiting to see what happens on May 18," said an associate. "Then he'll start moving."

Morse's only primary opposition is a service-station operator from Hood River named Woodrow Wilson Smith who has created a minor stir by trying to get Morse's name off the Democratic ballot through court action. Smith's contention that Morse is not a "true Democrat" is reflected in his campaign slogan, "Democrats Are Born—Not Made." Outside of gauging anti-Morse sentiment among Democrats, Smith's candidacy has little meaning.

Besides deciding McKay's political fate, the May 18 vote will test two factors of national interest: the popularity of the Eisenhower resource policies among Western Republicans, and the effectiveness of the Eisenhower blessing on candidates.

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Through India With Walter Reuther

ARTHUR BONNER

NEW DELHI

THE OFFICIAL residence of the Governor of Bombay State is perched atop Malabar Hill. We sat in the drawing room sipping soft drinks and looked out through the floor-to-ceiling windows at the wide expanse of the Arabian Sea. "India," said the Governor, "must be understood with the heart as well as with the mind."

He was speaking to AFL-CIO Vice-President Walter Reuther, who was paying a courtesy call during his tour of India as a guest of the Indian National Trades Union Congress (INTUC). Reuther agreed. His brief visit had already convinced him that what the Governor had said was merely a statement of fact.

A nation where seventy per cent of the people earn their living from agriculture, where only two per cent are classified as industrial labor and where eighty-five per cent are illiterate is not an ideal breeding ground for labor unions. The Indian labor movement is neither strong nor free, and there are some disturbing aspects that might make an unsympathetic observer descry an incipient dictatorship. But Reuther did look at India with his heart as well as with his mind; he tried to understand the complexity of its social and economic problems, and he went away believing that the Indian labor movement is deserving of encouragement and friendship rather than criticism.

TO UNDERSTAND that labor movement, a visitor must first study a lot of political and economic history. Labor unions began in India because of the efforts of a few members of the educated middle class, people who seldom soiled their hands with manual labor. For these outsiders, the labor movement was a matter of abstract principles involving the dignity of man rather than a personal struggle against squalor and economic exploitation. These outsiders still hold almost all the official positions in labor unions.

Before independence, there was only one nation-wide labor federation, the All India Trades Union Congress (AITUC), which was organized by the Congress Party as a political weapon. Like the Congress, it spanned all points of view, from Gandhian to Communist. During the Second World War the British suppressed the Congress but gave the Communists legal status; the party line following Hitler's invasion of Russia made it mandatory for Communists to give the war effort wholehearted support. The British, sacrificing ideals to expediency, even

encouraged the Communists to seize control of the AITUC.

After independence, Pandit Nehru's government formed INTUC with the avowed purpose of fighting the Communists and winning labor to the side of the Congress Party. The Socialists formed their own federation, the Hind Mazdoor Sabha (HMS), while the Revolutionary Socialist Party, a Trotskyite group, later formed the United Trade Union Congress (UTUC). Politics was in labor with a vengeance.

The Influence of Gandhi

Mahatma Gandhi stamped his personality on the Indian labor movement as he did on the entire struggle for freedom. When he returned to India in 1919 after his twenty formative years in South Africa, Gandhi established his headquarters on the banks of the Sabarmati River in the textile center of Ahmedabad. He led a successful strike in the first year he was there, and during the remaining twelve years that he lived in a small thatched-roof cottage by the Sabarmati he devised a complete philosophy of labor organization.

Gandhi hated strikes and violence; his methods were arbitration and adjudication, and he aimed at a joint trusteeship of industry by workers and employers. He believed that unions should struggle not only for more wages but also for better housing, better education, and better medical facilities; he also believed that a union, as well as an employer, should help a worker spiritually as well as economically.

Under Gandhi's guidance, the Ahmedabad Textile Workers' Association was formed, and for twenty years there was a complete absence of strife. The workers, who previously had been less well off than their brothers in the Bombay mills, found themselves getting more pay and fringe benefits while the Bombay workers, who resorted to strikes, lagged behind.

The Ahmedabad Textile Workers' Association was the training ground for the future labor officials of independent India, as well as present leaders of the INTUC and its affiliates. The present Labor and Planning Ministers in the central government were trained there, and so was the Labor Minister of Bombay State. So too were the current president of the INTUC and the head of the Railwaymen's Federation.

THE CONGRESS PARTY was long pledged to a welfare state. When it came to power it passed a series of laws giving workers in major industries security of employment, minimum wages, insurance, provident funds, and unemployment compensation.

Gandhian in outlook and pledged to industrial progress, the government did not trust the usual methods of collective bargaining, including threats of force and strikes. Fearing that industrial strife would delay progress, it passed laws for compulsory conciliation, arbitration, and adjudication—laws which, by their very nature, destroy the incen-

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tive of workers to organize powerful trade unions.

Compulsory arbitration puts the accent on lawyers rather than rank-and-file leaders who can meet employers across the bargaining table. These lawyer-union leaders have little firsthand experience with the grievances of their members, and they have more class identification with the employers than with the workers.

The Government as Employer

The judicial role of the government becomes confused with its role as mediator; the essential human relationship between a worker and an employer is lost sight of in the utopian drive toward a welfare state. As more and more factories are built and operated by the government, the workers find themselves isolated. The government not only appoints all arbitrators; it also is a party to the dispute and, in many cases, has political control over the union. It has also become obvious that the government, although paternalistic in essence, is not hesitant to assume the role of a quasi-dictator to ensure peace. Unions that strike in spite of the compulsory arbitration machinery find themselves confronted with what is known as Section 144, which prohibits meetings under certain circumstances and which is often used as a weapon against picketing. In addition, the Preventive Detention Act, which allows the imprisonment without bail or trial of persons who threaten public welfare, is used to imprison strike leaders.

There are often reasons for the peculiarities of the Indian labor scene. There is no vertical mobility in the social structure; an illiterate worker cannot start at the bottom and hope to rise to the top. Rank-and-file union members cannot be expected to develop into union leaders except in rare cases. If it were not for those outside the labor ranks there would be no labor movement at all.

In a country where there is a crushing burden of unemployment, where a worker has to support a family of five on $20 or $30 a month, the workers—even with unions—do not have much economic power. Their power as voters in a democratic society counts for much more; they must depend on a socially conscious legislature for their economic gains. Hence, once again, labor and politics go hand in hand.

Enter Mr. Reuther

As a former colonial people, the Indians have an inferiority complex the size of the Himalayas. Even the slightest criticism from well-intentioned friends cuts them like a whip. The Indian press, like the free press in other countries, tends to play up criticism and play down praise; it is axiomatic that bad news makes good circulation.

The Russians have an advantage in that the Iron Curtain cuts off criticism but lets favorable remarks come through. But the Indians hear a constant thunder of criticism from the United States. Thus when Reuther came to India his visit was in the nature of a pleasant relief, since it was his obvious intention to show that the Indians have friends in America.

On his second night he addressed a meeting sponsored by the Indian Council of World Affairs. It was a sophisticated audience well able to judge between demagogy and sincerity. He defended NATO but criticized the "overemphasis on military pacts in Asia." He said Americans supported India's stand on Goa because Americans and Indians have a common tradition of struggle against colonialism and share a common belief in peace and social justice. He condemned racial discrimination in America as well as in South Africa. He told of how the Negroes in Montgomery, Alabama, were using the weapons of Mahatma Gandhi in their boycott.

He attacked Communism, but first he spoke of America's traditional love of liberty. Only when he had stressed the ideals of social justice and the spiritual values which he said both India and America shared did he speak of Communist tyrannies. He admitted that the Russians have made great economic progress, but he added that the Russians have progressed only at the cost of their liberties, and he praised India for trying to make the same progress without totally sacrificing its liberties. Instead of just negatively criticizing the Russians, he encouraged Indians not to copy their methods.

The next day the *Hindustan Times*, which comes closest to being the official organ of the Congress Party, editorialized: "The address . . . has come as a most welcome whiff of fresh air. Mr. Reuther by his forthright and unequivocal declarations has revived Indian faith in American democracy—a faith that was fast diminishing under the impact of crude diplomacy and uninhibited outbursts of certain political commentators. . . . Mr. Reuther has successfully fought the Communist element in the American labor movement and deposed it . . . He calls the Communists the apostles of reaction, which is what Mr. Nehru has proclaimed from many a platform." Reuther had managed to associate America and India as opponents of Communism, something that Mr. Dulles and others have tried to do and have failed.

Nagpur and Calcutta

After three days in New Delhi, Reuther began his tour of India and had his first actual experience with some of the troubles that beset the Indian labor movement. I traveled with him. We changed planes at Nagpur, in Central India. It was two o'clock in the morning, yet a small union delegation was at the airport. Reuther was sleepy but he and the delegation crowded into the usual small airport room and he talked to them.

INTUC textile workers in Nagpur were on strike. A textile mill wanted to close down an obsolete plant and install new machinery. It offered to keep all the men in jobs by putting

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on a special third shift in another of its mills. Instead of accepting the offer, the men went on strike against what in India is called "rationalization"—the installation of new machinery which workers fear will throw them out of jobs. The strike played into the hands of the company, which could then install the machinery without the need to find jobs for the men. The local INTUC leaders had advised against the strike, but they were ignored—an example of how in times of crisis the politically oriented middle-class leadership is unable to control its members.

Politics played a good part in the strike. The Nagpur workers are Maharashtrians and are dissatisfied with Congress Party policies in regard to a Maharashtrian linguistic state. The workers automatically identified INTUC leaders with the Congress Party. The Nagpur situation is also an example of how the government uses force in strikes. Section 144 was imposed as soon as the strike began and more than two thousand workers were arrested.

THAT SAME MORNING we arrived in Calcutta and got another illustration of how politics and labor go hand in hand. West Bengal is one of the few states where Socialist unions maintained their membership in the INTUC instead of joining with the Hind Mazdoor Sabha. But the day before we arrived Deven Sen, a leader of the Parja Socialist Party and a member of the state legislature, announced that eighty unions had severed connections with the INTUC.

As in Nagpur, the issue of linguistic states entered the picture. The Congress Party in West Bengal favors a union with Bihar State. Deven Sen and other Socialists who, along with every other opposition party, oppose the merger, walked out of the state assembly when the measure came up for a test vote. The Congress Party Chief Minister of West Bengal thereupon ordered Congress members in the INTUC to have nothing further to do with Deven Sen. He was being punished as a labor leader for what he did as a politician.

The Communists are strong in West Bengal, especially in the labor movement. The INTUC is weak. In all, there are about twenty political parties and many of them have their own unions. When the Congress attempts to cram political doctrines down the throats of workers, there inevitably is a reaction that tends to push them closer to the Communists. As Reuther was well aware, the non-Communist unions of West Bengal must try to subordinate their political differences and unite, not only to strengthen their front against the Communists but also to improve their economic bargaining position.

One item on a crowded day's program under the scorching Calcutta sun was listed as a reception by the HMS at Firpo's restaurant. When we arrived we found the HMS had invited representatives of many groups—Congress, Socialists, Trotskyites in their several shades, and Communists. We sat on the balcony with the roar of passing trolley cars mixed with the whirring of futile fans.

REUTHER told how the auto workers in Detroit had progressed in twenty years from a wage scale of forty cents an hour to an average annual wage of $5,500 plus sickness and retirement benefits. He did not spell out these achievements with any sense of bragging. He emphasized that Indians cannot have such things at present because they are still building the tools of their industry. But he said that they can be had in the future if Indian workers maintain their unity.

And then he attacked the Communists: "When the totalitarians set up a system they don't have the problem of unity because the boys at the top make the decisions and everybody else goosesteps behind." As he said this a union leader near me leaned and jabbed another, apparently a Communist, saying, "It is for you, it is for you."

"When the struggle is hard in India," Reuther concluded, "remember that back in America there are millions of Americans workers who are back of you." The union leaders enthusiastically shook his hand. It was as if they felt that they had a real friend, someone who understood them and their problems, someone who really wanted to help them.

Overheard in Vizagapatnam

We flew on to Chittaranjan, the new industrial township where a government factory makes 120 locomotives a year. The town is laid out with wide streets, and even the worker on the bottom of the scale is given a neat two-room house with a bit of ground around it. He pays according to his wages; the rent of the lowest-paid worker is less than a dollar a month. There are also schools, and the hospital is spacious and completely modern.

Then we swung through the south, pausing at the port of Vizagapatnam in Andhra State to take on passengers. But even for such a brief halt there was the usual welcoming crowd of INTUC workers at the airport, and Reuther skipped lunch to meet them. Their leader read out a printed address of welcome which spoke of their "esteem and admiration." But it also said, "There is a fund of good will in this country for years and for its achievements in industry and in several things that count for human prosperity. But uninformed views about the bona fides of our nation and our beloved leader expressed by some of your responsible represen-

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tatives, and the backing of outmoded colonialism by representatives of a nation that enjoyed freedom for centuries and cherished it dearly, are not conducive for retaining the good will, much less fostering it."

Although they were too polite to say so explicitly, "responsible representatives" obviously referred to AFL-CIO President George Meany, who last December charged that Nehru was supporting Communism. The words, read out in a hot, stuffy airport room with a crowd of workers squatting on the floor before us, were a reminder of the extreme political consciousness of Indians—an illustration of how something said for American listeners is heard in far-off Vizagapatnam. Indian labor leaders call Meany "uninformed" because they know that they themselves, with the aid of Nehru's Congress Party, are fighting Indian Communists tooth and nail.

At a dinner in Bombay, I sat next to A. K. Mohamed Serang, the General Secretary of the National Union of Seamen. He is no middle-class labor leader; "Serang" means "boatswain," and he comes from a long line of Malabar Coast seamen. Some time ago, he was a member of a thirty-three-man labor delegation that went to Red China. Toward the end of the tour it became obvious that the Communists wanted to rope the Indians into endorsing an Asian Communist-front labor organization as part of the Red-sponsored World Federation of Trade Unions. Serang and nine others would have nothing to do with it. They insisted on returning home immediately. When they got back to Bombay, the INTUC gave them a public reception.

ALTHOUGH U.S. diplomats in India could not speak out, it was obvious everywhere we went that many embassy and consulate officials were pleased with what Reuther was saying and the way he was acting. These officials know that American prestige and influence in India has been dropping at an alarming rate and that Soviet prestige is increasing, not because of anything special that the Russians have done but because of what Americans have and have not done. Reuther as an individual could not be expected to reverse the trend, but he did a lot of good here.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Françoise Sagan Wins Her Second Round

MADELEINE CHAPSAL

PARIS

"THEY are going to shoot me like a partridge," she said. "They" were the critics, and "she" is Françoise Sagan, the author of *Bonjour Tristesse,* a best-seller in both France and America which was written in a few weeks by a girl of eighteen. For two years after *Bonjour Tristesse* appeared, Mlle. Sagan was in the uncomfortable position of having to write a second book that could stand comparison with the first.

Photo by René Saint-Paul

It seems to be one of the functions of critics to find that things haven't turned out as well as they should have. With Mlle. Sagan they have been through an adventure that has shaken them up a bit. It was they who gave her first novel, after it had already been out several months and no one had paid much attention to it, an award called the Critics' Prize. Then came success, and the critics, who had awarded their prize but not yet written their verdicts, tried desperately to hold back the flood that swept past them, explaining to the public that *Bonjour Tristesse* wasn't *that* good, not *that* original and perverse, and in any case one shouldn't judge such a young writer by one book. They were waiting to see how she would turn out in her second.

Her public expected to be kept waiting quite a while. They knew that Françoise had already torn up several manuscripts, and that she spent much of her time in night clubs and driving around in the Jaguar she had bought with royalties from *Bonjour Tristesse.* The famous author had not even got around to passing her baccalaureate. Besides, everyone knows how young writers behave in the literary circles of Paris: They are solemn, they talk a great deal about their own work and about all the other latest books, they attend literary cocktail parties, or else they let it be known that they have gone to the country to write. But this girl belonged to another race.

A Little Green Book

Françoise turned twenty, and this year at the beginning of April, blown-up photographs of her smile appeared in all the bookstores of France, together with a little novel in a green cover published by Julliard and entitled *Un Certain Sourire* ("A Certain Smile"). (An English translation will be brought out in the United States by E. P. Dutton in August.)

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The partridge waited to be shot. Then came one of those moments of grace when it appears that even writers sometimes get a break: To Françoise Sagan's little smile the great majority of French critics responded

with a great big one. Sagan—as a sign that she had made the grade as a professional they dropped the patronizing "Françoise"—was a true writer; her new book was delightful, even better than *Bonjour Tristesse*. It was more mature, more sincere, and it had just the right touch of that unconventional sexual morality which the French call *libertinage*.

Important critics like Emile Henriot of *Le Monde* and André Rousseaux of *Le Figaro Littéraire* devoted their columns to the recent novel of the young prodigy. Even François Mauriac, the Catholic novelist turned political editorialist, interrupted his lamentations about the folly of those who govern and the atrocity of colonial wars to admit that he had read *Un Certain Sourire* and that this young immoralist might escape damnation because there was in what she wrote a quality of sadness: As long as one sins without joy, one is not entirely lost. Whatever happens to Mlle. Sagan herself on Judgment Day, her book in its first weeks sold ten thousand copies a day.

There were a few sour notes in the concert of acclaim, partly because of politics. Mlle. Sagan has let it be known on several occasions that her feelings lead her to the liberal Left. The Communists, who have little taste for the Left, only accorded her a half smile, saying that the essential thing about her book was that it proved once again, if further proof was necessary, how thoroughly rotten is the bourgeoisie. As for the Right—represented in this case by Jacques Laurent, editor of *Arts* in an article called "Sagan and the Old Men"—it had nothing but contempt for the middle-aged critics, who applauded the book simply because it gave them a peek at the sort of games teen-agers engage in, and because the heroine falls desperately in love with an older man—a proof, incidentally, of the author's desire to flatter the elderly critics. The younger Rightists claim to have a monopoly on style and literary talent in France, yet not one of their novels has yet achieved half the success of of this young Leftist writer's.

Simple Comme Bonjour

This is the story of the success of Françoise Sagan's second round. But what is the story of *Un Certain Sourire*?

It is as simple as that of *Bonjour Tristesse*. A young student, Dominique, tired of her studies and of the little band of spineless young men from which she selects her bed fellows, one day meets a man of forty, Luc, who is married, knows all there is to know about life and the world

of money, and who furthermore does her the honor of taking an interest in her thin and somewhat acid charms. Luc is what the French call a *viveur*. Mildly aroused by this child, he makes her a proposition—a gentleman's agreement—to spend two weeks with him in Cannes. After that they will part as friends. The girl hesitates for only a minute: What has she got to lose? At the Riviera, they spend half their time in bars and the other in their hotel room.

And then one morning they find themselves back in Paris. Luc says good-by according to the terms of the agreement, but unfortunately Dominique has been trapped by the fascinating indifference of a man whom many adventures have taught to be not just a playmate, like all the others, but a lover.

Dominique, in love, stays proud. She tries to hide her feelings; she goes back to her own place and her studies, and waits for Luc to call—as he had promised to do "every once in a while." She waits a long time, and the image of this child, waiting in despair for a man from whom she has nothing to hope and yet refusing to despair, is the core of the book. The little girl of *Bonjour Tristesse*, so insolent, so sure of herself, discovers that she is a woman like all the rest, after all, defenseless before love.

In the final chapter, when at last the telephone rings, Dominique realizes as she is crossing the room to pick it up that she no longer cares. The final lines of the book show quite clearly the best qualities of Sagan—the delicacy, the rapidity, the detachment:

"Once again I knew I was alone. I wanted to say the word over to myself. Alone. Alone. But what of it? I was a woman who had loved a man. It was a simple story; there was nothing to make a fuss about."

THERE was nothing to make a fuss about—with these words the book ends, and that is what characterizes Françoise Sagan's singular ability. In her books as in her life, she gets involved with the most unconventional and the most trite, and makes something natural and fresh out of them, because for her they are not things to make a fuss about. This girl of twenty, who has probably enjoyed the earliest literary success that any woman writer has ever known in France (there is the eight-year-old poetess Minou Drouet, but that is another story) has remained

unspoiled by success. She has been to the United States, to Mexico, to Egypt; when she arrives somewhere she asks where the night clubs are and spends her evenings there, drinking whiskey or orangeade with

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equal indifference, in the company of people she is sure will not bother her with intellectual conversation, with questions about French literature in general or Françoise Sagan in particular. Mlle. Sagan is only twenty, but she has the small sad face and anguished eyes of one who has lived a great deal and would just as soon forget it.

It has been said of her that she represents the new generation in France. This legend may contribute to her success, but it isn't quite true. By and large, the young people of her generation are much more inclined than she is to conform to traditional values, to believe in marriage and in work. Mlle. Sagan herself is much closer to that group which is sick and tired of the pious words of its elders, of all the loud talk about the future and the greatness of France. Many in this group say they are disgusted with it all and let themselves drift.

But Mlle. Sagan doesn't really fit into either group—not the neo-conventionalists and not the uprooted. The airy detachment that gives her books their delicate style belongs only to her.

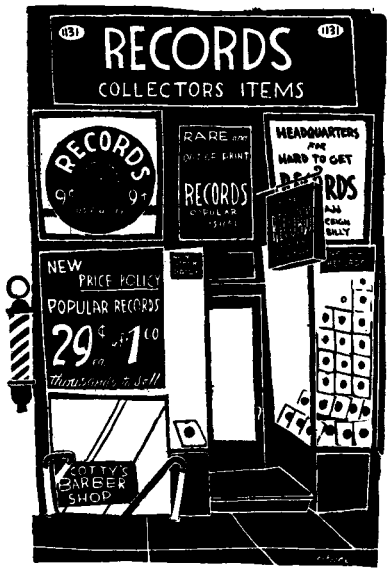
LIKE *Bonjour Tristesse, Un Certain Sourire* is one of those immensely popular books which symbolize an era. That is why it is hard to talk about it like an ordinary novel, apart from its success. But if one did, one would have to recognize that *Un Certain Sourire,* though a superbly wrought little book, offers nothing that is new. A married man on the prowl, a young girl who falls in love with him, an affair that comes to an end—there is surely nothing extraordinary about all that.

What charms and attracts is not this rather standard set of characters, nor the quite banal plot, but something that belongs only to Françoise Sagan: the catlike grace with which she walks, never dirtying herself or disturbing her composure, through the ruins of this old, old world.

A Kind Word For Pop, Bop, and Folk

JACQUES BARZUN

IF, AS WE ARE TOLD, twenty-five per cent of Americans are reached by serious art music, the remaining three-quarters choose among jazz, folk, and semi-classical styles. The radio page of any newspaper shows what is to be understood under this third heading—the vast repertory of single or multiple hits by minor composers, from Tosti and Benjamin Godard to Gung'l and Goldmark, and including the best of the prolific masters of operetta. Generally speaking, this is the music of



the sentiments, the music of tunefulness, nostalgia, and romance. It survives because it suits the attitudes of genteel make-believe found in most movies, which express the aspirations of a certain unpretentious segment of the population. As a genre, however, semi-classical music is more European than American, Victor Herbert being almost its only American master.

Far more characteristic and vigorous are the two categories of jazz and folk music. Jazz, an American creation of our time, has undergone numerous transformations in half a century and is justly called "a huge and unwieldy field." It ranks with sports and philately as the realm of the self-made expert, and of the controversialist as well, for musicology has not yet settled all the historical, stylistic, and biographical problems that have been raised about it. In today's jazz or swing or bop there seems to merge a quantity of influences, beginning with the rhythmic tradition of West African Negro music and going on to such elements of the European musical heritage as were to be found in the New Orleans region during the last century and a half: a fund of Scottish-Irish-English folk tunes, melodies from Italy, Spain, and central Europe, the simple harmony of Protestant hymns, the echoes of the French art music (chiefly opera) that dominated the city, and the ways of the German brass band. Into the mixture were blended also the dramatics of vaudeville and minstrel-show tunes, the moods and ejaculations of the revivalist camp meeting, and the sentiments of a subject people. An accidental result of the Civil War added an orchestral twist—the fact, namely, that the returning Confederate regimental bands pawned their instruments, making them available cheap to the emancipated Negro. Still a poor man, he could afford no regular instruction but developed his own expressive style of utterance, both vocal and instrumental.

IN THE COURSE OF TIME this unique combination became conscious of itself, having begun to appeal to sophisticated taste and to fulfill certain demands of America's new industrial urban culture. The craze for dancing indoors in that peculiar institution, the cabaret; the conventions of that extravagant hybrid, the musical comedy; the sexual dreams and odd sentimental rituals of the young in a would-be puritanical

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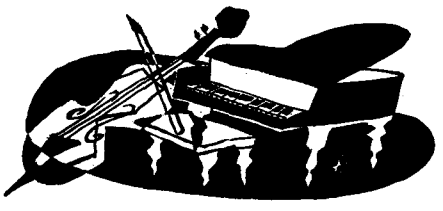
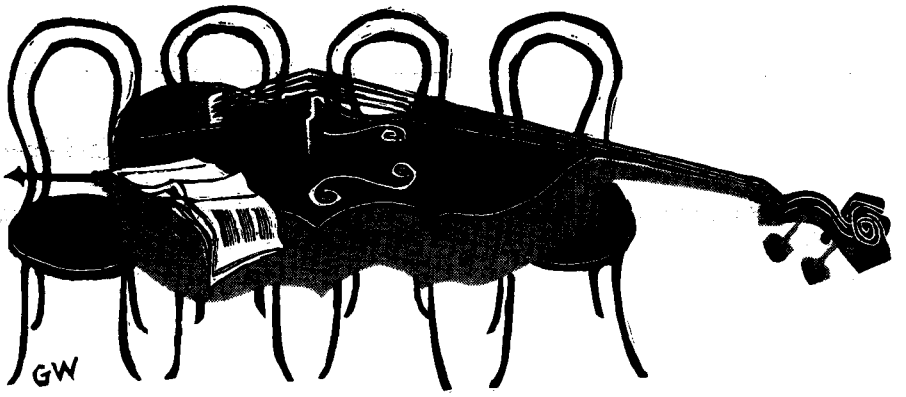
country; the national delight in teamwork and in the surprises of sport, which welcomed the jazz ensemble's tricks of collective improvisation; last and perhaps most important, the relief given to mechanized nerves by syncopation, suspense, and stress on the offbeat—all these things, exploited to the full by the organization of the mass market, have given force and direction to the vast output of popular music known generically as jazz.

It is our one contribution to music that Europe knows about and honors us for. In a small Swiss town that supports no symphony orchestra you will find seven swing bands. The Parisian sophisticate to whom Schönberg is "old hat" mouths with pride jazz technicalities already out of date over here. Southern Germany's radio system devotes a week of festival to the works of Art Tatum and Eddie Sauter. Dr. Albert Schweitzer calls it "yats" but will offer to play some for you right on top of a Bach invention. No wonder that some observers have been misled into thinking that jazz is indeed the one musical idiom expressive of our age, and used it as a battering ram to destroy the pretensions of other kinds of composers.

The Bebop Cognoscenti

The fact remains that with all its uses and pleasures, jazz is more symptom and pastime than imperishable utterance. Especially in recent years, when it has increasingly borrowed from classical music, jazz has been approaching musical echolalia. Its special charm is literally that—a spell created by monotony so contrived as to give importance to very minute variations in rhythm or timbre. Everything it is associated with suggests repetition and the excitement that precedes narcosis. Song plugging itself goes back to the 1890's, and its effectiveness has increased many times with the advent of phonograph and radio. The frenzy about name bands, about jam





sessions, about the one sound or syncope associated with a given performer; the flight from notation and the bar line; the various connections of the art with drug taking, social protest, red-light districts, aberration, illiteracy, and primitivism—these make it more characteristic than expressive. It is of our time and place, not above it, where it could interpret.

Between this popular music and its older sisters the contacts have been frequent but tangential. Jazz rhythms and jazz atmosphere have been used as local color by modern composers, and occasionally works of symphonic pretensions—by Gershwin, Robert McBride, or, most lately, Rolf Liebermann—have been offered to the philharmonic public. But true assimilation has not come from that quarter. Rather, it has come from the avid search by jazz masters for usable tunes in the classics. In recent years we have had Mozart, Bach, Berlioz, and Ravel served up in short pieces that have won wide popularity. Sometimes one hears familiar chord progressions borrowed whole. Even so, the mind's ear of the enthusiast who likes both popular and classical music has to be double: When that accomplished jazz player, Mr. Benny Goodman, performs the Mozart clarinet quintet, he is technically irreproachable and stylistically off base.

It is not to Carnegie Hall, really, that one should go to hear jazz, bu' to some unnamable dark hole recommended by a young friend. One finds him there, with his peers, sitting or standing about in a Stygian darkness through which will shortly percolate the accents of bop. Depending on which clan of its practitioners and which week of its development you attend, you will hear it swing or bark, you will hear dissonance or a good deal of brass unison, waltz time, or the older syncopated visceral rhythms that defy counting. None of this is for dancing, but for detective hearing and arguing about, with the cognoscenti and with the performers themselves.

Obviously the wide gap in sensibility between the devotees of these brass-bound windjammers and the lamp-lit amateurs whose every thought is philharmonic does not prevent popular music from giving the same degree of emotional satisfaction, and perhaps the same kind of immediate intellectual stimulus, as classical art. Certainly the Newport Jazz Festival of July, 1954, gripped and rocked its seven thousand hypercritical auditors. Despite local protests, it was repeated the following year and was reported at greater length than Leonard Bernstein conducting an all-Mozart concert.

It will not do to shrug impatiently. As David Riesman warns us, "The danger exists . . . of assuming that the *other* audience, the audience one does not converse with, is more passive, more manipulated, more vulgar in taste than may be the case. One can easily forget that things that strike the sophisticated person as trash may open new vistas for the unsophisticated; moreover, the very judgment of what is trash may be biased by one's own unsuspected limitations, for instance, by one's class position or academic vested interest."

In his searching interviews, Mr. Riesman found a close parallel between the mental operations of the young listeners to popular music

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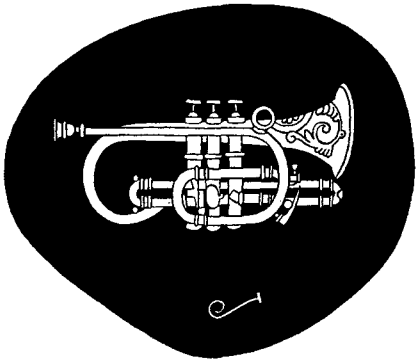

and those of the classical amateurs. To begin with, the judgments, language, and innovations in dance or music of the young jazz connoisseurs are minority products. The minority is small but active, rigorous in its verdicts, technical in its remarks, impatient with the ignorant, and disgusted with blatant commercialism. Music, these listeners feel, is too important to be the sport of hucksters, and by the same token it is too important to serve as background noise to any other activity.

Like their elders and self-assumed betters, the young also feel the pull of conformity and are afraid to like the wrong things. The whirligig of taste keeps revolving because the minority becomes a majority, which "spoils" the thing liked for the new minority. A new attachment—from swing to "sweet" or the other way—comes with a new private language, a sense of discovery and absorption, and the satisfaction of not being acted upon by the advertisers, who sooner or later will disseminate and hence vulgarize the precious novelty. The cycle is exactly the same as in the upper layers of "artistic" criticism and its following.

In both kinds of musical taste, change depends on the existence of some promoter and *his* taste, a dependence that is nearly absolute. Before a band can play or a record be made, a middleman has to give his consent and risk his capital. This fact marks the difference between a large and miscellaneous state such as ours and the small-scale self-sufficient community of former times: The channels of communication among us are fixed. And since these channels form, as we say, vast networks, the old tendency to make sure of success by playing upon the average taste is now magnified by the size of the audience. Playing safe is also made systematic by "psychological research" into public motivations. Popular songs, says one musical director of a recording company, must be aimed at people between the ages of fourteen and twenty-two; they must be "simple, sad, and sexy." More than that, if we are to believe the master of them who know, Mr. Billy Rose, there are predestined vowel sounds that make for song hits, notably *ooo* and *eee*. Only put those repeatedly close together in a lyric and we drool and dree like Pavlov's dogs—though as one critic of this new aesthetics has suggested, it may well be that in addition to the "key vowel sounds" there is the "tone pitch of the month."

The City-Billies

Yes, the highbrow and the popular audience are equally at the mercy of vogue, spontaneous or contrived. If, for instance, the taste for hillbilly songs has been spread wide, it is because this type of music has been recorded, advertised, and sold. Hillbilly songs matter especially as being the sole link between our oldest heritage of folk music and our relatively new tradition of popular music. It has been plausibly said that we listen with the more pleasure to the hillbilly in proportion as our urban life turns more and more into ferroconcrete, and hence that what we have on discs is really city-billy stuff.

On this, in turn, rests the objection that such biased revivals yield a product that is "synthetic," not genuine, that its canny commercial promotion robs it of intrinsic merit, and that we should all breathe a cleaner air without it. This is carrying purism a little far. Nothing is ever brought back into favor with scholarly exactitude—it would be dead if it were. All renaissances distort and are creative by misquoting. When revival is not involved, we still see that no tradition stays pure or perfectly continuous; and when the product is one that is avowedly popular, it seems the height of absurdity to complain that it is no good because it pleases the people. As for the supposition that advertising can float at will a kind of art that has no intrinsic appeal, it is false, or we should see far more nonsense, both synthetic and pure, flourish in our midst.

The cultural concomitants of hillbilly music at any rate suffice to account for its hold on people who quite properly care nothing about its "true" form in an earlier society that was not theirs. Since the great depression, the exodus to the country (the barn or tumbledown farm bought for a song and made over by the owner himself) has been accompanied by a fresh taste for square dancing, for the music that goes with it, and for the ballads that the oldest inhabitant remembers from either his old-world or his cowboy past. The sophisticated form of the same thing was not long in reaching the stage, the concert hall, the college, and the home: One thinks of Burl Ives, Carl Sandburg, and Richard Dyer-Bennett.

This popularizing of our hitherto rural music has not killed it off but given it a new life in the hands of fervent amateurs who may, for all we know, ultimately purify and fundamentally regenerate it. The fiddle song, banjo song, play-party song, and historical or political song are not dying out but are taken up by those gifted enough to entertain their friends, or else caught from village ancients on the musicologist's record. What is disappearing, no doubt, is the old man of 102 who remembers five times that number of tunes. This may be regretted as a loss under the head of human wonders, but such feats are now anachronisms in every branch of culture. The tribal historian became obsolete with the invention of printing, and the medicine man with the establishment of a scientific

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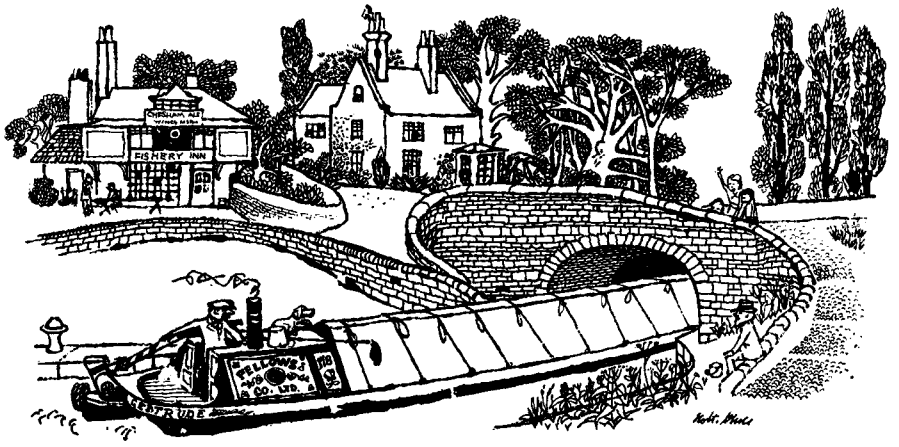
pharmacopœia. It may be less picturesque but it is much preferable to have the music of the "Child Ballads" in Mr. Bertrand Bronson's recension than in their scattered, fugitive note-of-mouth form, at the mercy of any accident. What matters is not the receptacle in which we keep our heritage but the desire we feel to take it out and enjoy it.

THIS DESIRE, in all its vulgarity and imitativeness, is not only greater than ever before but also more firmly rooted by reason of being implanted in so many hearts and minds. We cannot have it both ways —taking pride in populism, yet despising its taste when it does not accord with ours; deploring that this taste is fed by design, yet wishing to be ourselves the designers. Absolute independence of choice has of course never existed, and if it did exist, would guarantee no sprouting of masterpieces. Those we find in the folk past are the results of winnowing, just as in the learned past. Had we lived in the time of the Crusades, popular vulgarity would oppress us as much, and our chance of choosing its opposite would be slight. «»



An English Village Wins a Reprieve

DONALD HALL

THE SCENE is a room in the offices of the rural district council in an English country town. At a desk on a low dais sits an official from the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, sent from London to hear the appeal by Mr. Smith against the local council's refusing him permission to build houses on a field adjoining the village of Alston. The official gazes poker-faced at his audience, which is seated behind long tables as though at school: the clerk of the council with his assistant and lawyer and Mr. Smith with his, behind them inhabitants of Alston, and to one side a cub reporter ready to scribble a full description of the hearing, which will be cut to a few lines in the local newspaper. Every month, in every town with council offices throughout the length and breadth of Britain, much the same scene is being played, varying only in intensity of feeling. In all these rooms is being waged a battle that will shape the Britain the country's children will inherit.

At a nod from the chairman, Mr. Smith's lawyer opens his case. Everyone knows that Mr. Smith is not a local inhabitant, that his interest in the countryside is only that at the beginning of the war he bought land cheap with a view to turning it into profit when the time was ripe. But his lawyer presents him as a man anxious to provide housing for all those unfortunates who seek a home and cannot find one, a benefactor; one, moreover, whose fine taste is such that what he builds will beautify the countryside and bring new life to it.

War, Peace, and New Blood

There is much more at stake here than Mr. Smith and his building speculation, however. This is apparent when the council's lawyer opens his case against the project. Alston is an ancient village. Its existence is recorded in the Domesday Book, and until 1939 the village and the land for miles around it had belonged to the same family for seven centuries. Then, at the beginning of the war, the whole estate had to be broken up. Mr. Smith, who had bought an outlying part, was only one of the buyers. The manor had been taken over by the War Office, the deer park and the village cricket field by the Air Ministry for an airfield. For five years the village street was thronged with British and American soldiers and airmen.

Peace came and the village breathed again. But not for long. The manor house and grounds were taken over by a fifty-million-pound corporation for research laboratories. The land where the airfield's runways had once more sprouted green was absorbed by the state for the promotion of atomic-energy research, and a vast housing project was laid out for the workers. Two miles away, by the main railway line, factories that had sprung up during the war began to spread. The village was surrounded, heavy traffic through its narrow street shook the foundations of its ancient houses.

But it was still surrounded only at a distance: A greenbelt of farmland lay between it and the urban invasion. It was on this greenbelt that Mr. Smith wished to build. If his appeal were allowed, no one afterward could be refused permission to build; a precedent would have been created. Alston would become a suburb—after centuries of virile independence it would die.

A good thing, too, said an urban spokesman for one of the invading companies who rose to give evidence on Mr. Smith's behalf. What was wanted was new blood. There must also be a new supply of water (since

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the fine deep-well water would not be adequate for an increased population), bigger drains, light, and entertainment. Progress, that magic word, was conjured up to describe the need. "The village is already as good as dead," remarked Mr. Smith's lawyer.

A farmer who had listened with growing impatience asked permission of the chairman to speak. His every word carried the stamp of deep conviction. For centuries Alston had been self-contained; during the years since it had lost the protection of its lord of the manor, it had had to learn to defend itself. The powers arrayed against it were formidable: immense financial interests and even the state itself. They in the village had no enmity toward these bodies, provided they kept themselves to themselves. But by what right did they seek to destroy what was living before they existed, and introduce an alien way of life into a community that knew far better how to live than the urban intruders? Were the people of Alston to submit to having their fields covered with piles of brick inhabited by people whose idea of living was movies and crowds, and for whom the country meant a football field? "We will fight to the end to preserve our integrity and individuality," the farmer said, and sat down looking very red at such a display of his own emotions.

THEN I TOO, as a Parish Councillor and an inhabitant of Alston, entered the lists, and after me others from the village and some, on behalf of Mr. Smith, from nearby industrial concerns. As I sat listening to their intense voices, I realized the far-reaching significance of the seemingly petty struggle in that room.

Alston's battle is typical of the war of attrition in which the countryfolk of Britain are contesting every inch with the advancing "they" who move relentlessly in strength to grasp the countryside. And what can be the end of it? Britain is so small; as industry expands and wages rise, room has to be found for the new factories, housing developments for the transplanted town dwellers, the state's defense plants, airfields, and scientific-research establishments.

Even if you question the desirability of these things, you must admit the need for checking the unwieldy growth of towns already overburdened with industrial plants. If you move industry into the countryside, you must also provide housing, services, conveniences, and entertainment required by urban workers.

The visitor sees merely the disappearance of more and more green fields, villages becoming towns, thundering traffic on narrow lanes, and the open countryside he knew ten years ago already an ugly knotted string of buildings. Even the most indifferent of the new lords can put forward the need for people to have houses. "Expanding industry must have homes for the workers," they cry; and though self-interest may lie behind it the cry contains an obvious truth.

The state itself does what it can to be fair. The officials sent by the Ministry to preside at the local hearings, who provide reports on which the Ministry gives judgment, are scrupulously honest men. Every one of the thousands of cases, however seemingly insignificant, may turn into a major issue if wrongly assessed, and start a new and unnecessary rash of building.

So to their intricate task these officials must bring an objective mind: They are not allowed even to speak to opposing parties or their lawyers outside the council chamber. Their labors cannot stem the tide of urban population; they can only strive to direct it so that the countryside does not vanish altogether, so that there will still be villages that are not just museums encased in spreading brick and concrete.

THE COUNTRYFOLK of Britain are tough. They held to their rights under the old lords; they will fight the new. But every year their resources weaken as their numbers lessen and the new lords grow in strength. Alston is reprieved. But we know that it is no more than a reprieve: The struggle will go on. «»

MOVIES:

Be Glad You're a Drone

ROBERT BINGHAM

WE ALL dearly love to be told stories about ourselves, and in "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit" quite a few Americans are bound to see a reasonable facsimile of themselves, either as they are or, more probably, as they would like to be. The well-tailored protagonist, Tom Rath, is a young veteran with a pretty and ambitious wife, three cute kids determined to spend their lives looking at television, a monthly commutation ticket, and only the more genteel of money worries. Having scraped along on seven thousand a year, our modern Everyman (Gregory Peck) finds himself in the interesting position of being offered a new job paying nine, which will presumably enable his wife (Jennifer Jones) to enjoy the bigger house and the attendant sense of social well-being to which she aspires.

In order to space out this rather familiar pursuit of the American Dream for two and a half hours in color and CinemaScope, various complications are introduced. I am told that Nunnally Johnson, who wrote the screenplay and directed it, has stuck pretty close to Sloan Wilson's novel, which persuades me that the canny Mr. Wilson must have had the movies at the back of his mind all along. The story plays very well, being full of situations that can easily be souped up into something better than they really are by fine acting and direction—and there's a lot of both. I came out of the picture surreptitiously wiping my eyes, convinced that I had seen a first-rate drama, and it is only now as I try to put my thoughts in some kind of order that doubts begin to creep in.

The complications that are introduced all involve familiar aspects of the emergent mythology of Exurbia,

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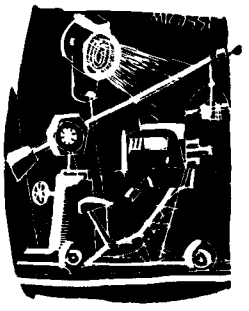
springing as they do from the trinity of money, sex, and business competition. First there is trouble about the will of our commuter's mother, which brings in the old lady's colorfully loony and miserly handyman (very well played by Joseph Sweeney) and a lovable and wise old country judge (played by Lee J. Cobb, a fine actor who deserves and usually gets better parts).

Twentieth Century-Fox must be given credit for the boldness and sympathy with which it has handled another complication, the young man's discovery that he had become the father of a fourth child after a wartime affair with an Italian girl (Marisa Pavan). His acceptance of responsibility for the child and the manner in which his wife finally decides to share and support him in that responsibility provide most of the film's genuinely moving scenes.

Hate That Huckster

But it is Tom Rath's experiences in the business community that make up most of the action. Hired as a ghost writer and idea man for a tycoon of the mass-communications industry (Fredric March), he discovers to his distate that the men around him who seem to be making the best go of it (Arthur O'Connell and Henry Daniell) do so by telling the big boss precisely what they imagine he wants to hear. By far the best acting is done in this section of the picture, especially by Mr. March, who conveys the tension and drive of a high-powered executive not by barking orders at his subordinates but rather by a controlled and somewhat mechanical superfluity of flattery and solicitude. It is refreshing to meet a tycoon on film unencumbered with the usual paunch and cigar. Gregory Peck does very well just by being Gregory Peck—handsome, stolid, and slightly saturnine.

And yet the total result of all this good acting is nonsense. Prompted by integrity despite his by now pressing need for the nine Gs, the young man tells the big boss an unpleasant truth. Having concluded that dishonesty is the best policy in the upper echelons of business, our hero is nonetheless not even surprised by the reaction to his forthrightness. Far from firing him, the boss makes



it clear that he has been looking for just such a young man and that gratifying promotions may be the reward of continued faithful service. So what happens? Young Rath sourly informs him that he not only won't practice deceit—he won't even work a few hours overtime in order to achieve the success that might so easily be his. A family man at heart, he will render grudgingly unto the bitch goddess no more than the hours from nine to five.

I take it that Tom Rath is supposed to represent the conservative and even timid postwar generation whose highest goal is an adequate pension thirty years from now. Tom Rath, who is never going to give much to his job, is never going to get much out of it, either for himself or for his family. Some people may find this defense of mediocrity reassuring for personal reasons, but, by and large, even in the security-ridden America of today, an otherwise unmotivated refusal to succeed at an interesting job, honestly and on one's own terms, is unrealistic and silly.

Superficially, it would appear that the business community has been taking quite a drubbing at the hands of moviemakers recently—"Executive Suite" and "Patterns" spring immediately to mind. But is it really the successful businessman who has been the goat? Isn't it rather that the rest of us are being served anodynes to make us feel comfortable in our own easy-going nine-to-fiveness? ("Why should I even try? Success is actually a terrible thing.")

Fundamentally, it was ever thus in American movies. Those who say that the movies of the 1930's were artfully fashioned by revolutionaries to make audiences rise up and overthrow the capitalistic system are talking through their hats. The themes of our popular movies have always been soothing to the poor but honest little man. Deprivation has frequently been extolled as a virtue in itself ("You Can't Take It with You"), and we have even been told that what the rich, the well-born, and the able really want is to clear out of their odious rat race entirely and get back among those economic noblemen, hoboes and panhandlers ("My Man Godfrey").

I do not mean to suggest that the pathology of surrendering everything for the chase after power and money is not a legitimate subject—every cliché at least starts out in life with a substantial element of truth in it. What I do mean to suggest is that the artistic possibilities of the business community are very great and still largely untapped, and that the job will not be done by merely insisting over and over again that success by its very nature is a bad thing.

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The Split Personality Of Indian Literature

CHRISTINE WESTON

SOME YEARS AGO while I was staying in the Indian mountain resort of Mussoorie, I went with a group of young Indians to see the American motion-picture adaptation of John P. Marquand's novel *The Late George Apley*. These high-caste, well-to-do Hindus, all of whom spoke perfect English, seemed to get an inordinate delight out of the picture's rather insipid version of Marquand's wicked satire on the Brahmins of Beacon Hill. "Except for the dress and the setting, the story might be about us!" exclaimed one of the party, and she begged me to get her a copy of the novel, which neither she nor her friends had read.

I asked for the titles of contemporary Indian novels—explaining that they would have to be written in English, since I could not read Bengali or Hindi or Punjabi or Malayan or Tamil. One of my friends suggested that I "try Tagore." Another came up with the name of the Punjabi novelist Mulk Raj Anand. Aside from these and one or two writers of short stories, my friends could name no others in the field of fiction writing in English, though they agreed that there were a number of Bengali writers whose work, as far as they knew, had not been translated into other tongues. "And that puts us in the same boat as you," said one of the girls who had been most enthusiastic over the Marquand story. "You see, we can't read Bengali either!"

She went on to say that Indians were not generally a novel-reading people, and gave several reasons. Indian artists incline to express themselves in music, painting, sculpture, drama, and the dance, rather than in fiction, and this is understandable enough when one remembers that Indians are still eighty-five per cent illiterate, and so tend naturally toward the aural and visual arts. Even for the educated few, books are not easy to get—books cost money, and few Indians have developed the book-buying habit.

I RECENTLY read four novels written in English by Indians: *Untouchable,* by Mulk Raj Anand, and *The Financial Expert,* by R. K. Narayan, the former published in England about ten years ago, the latter by Michigan State College Press in 1953: and *Remember the House,* by Santha Rama Rau, and *Some Inner Fury,* by Kamala Markandaya, published by Harper and John Day, respectively, within the past two months.

The contrast in style and content between these pairs of books offers food for speculation on the development and future of the Indian novel, by which I mean novels by Indians that have either been written in or translated into English.

Anand and Narayan are men in their late fifties or early sixties, both recognized as major novelists in their own country as well as abroad, but comparatively unknown here. Both write in English, and their styles, though intrinsically unlike, have an oddness, a suggestion of awkwardness, which may come from a perhaps unconscious translation of their mother tongue into an alien one. This slight effect of roughness adds to rather than detracts from the form and the impact of the ideas themselves by forcing the reader's full attention, so that he finds himself reading with concentration as if he were walking carefully over uneven ground in stocking feet.

Gandhi and the Sweeper Boy

Mr. Anand's novel, *Untouchable,* is the story of a single day in the life of Bakha, a sweeper boy living in the outcaste colony of an Indian town. From early morning when he awakens in his father's "twelve by five, dank, dingy, one-roomed mud hut," to the evening when he finds himself in a public park listening to Gandhi speak to the people on the evils of the caste system, we follow Bakha at work on his filthy job of cleaning latrines, and playing hockey with his outcaste friends, and we watch him struggling, hour after hour, with bewilderment, humiliation, rage, and, in the end—a truly Dostoeveskian touch—trying to adjust his hazy understanding of Gandhi's words to the brutal facts of his own existence.

In *The Late George Apley,* a watered-down form of the caste system is handled with an urbane and delicate irony at which Indians and Americans can laugh together. In *Untouchable,* a story of the caste system carried to its stupid and bestial extremes, Mr. Anand evokes emotions quite different and far more profound. In his preface to the book E. M. Forster remarks that only an Indian could have written it, and I think it is safe to say that only an Indian would have dared.

Machinations Under the Banyan

Margaya, the absurd and engaging hero of R. K. Narayan's novel, *The Financial Expert,* is a bird of quite another feather than the poor sweeper boy of Mr. Anand's story. Margaya conducts his dubious trade from under a banyan tree, in the town of Malgudi in southern India. Margaya "shows the way out to those in financial trouble." He "did not believe in thrift: his living depended on helping people to take loans from the bank opposite, and from each other." We follow his machinations, his day-to-day life with his wife and son, his rows with his relatives, with an enjoyment that for some reason never quite slips over into the realm of disbelief, complex and absurd though it all is.

This may be because the author has such a good time telling his story and tells it with such subtle mingling of compassion and irony, such insight into the motives and mental gymnastics of his characters. We go along in a sort of hypnotic trance through the incredible financial transactions, the dealings with the villainous Dr. Pa, self-styled "journalist and sociologist," author of a pornographic work entitled *Bed Life, the Science of Marital Happiness,* the manuscript of which he persuades Margaya to buy for five rupees,

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which the financial expert does in frenetic hope that its publication and sale will net him a fortune. The story ends on a note of pathos, with Margaya bankrupt and creditors hammering on his door. Feeling "that he had lost all right to personal life," Margaya "relaxed completely," sadder but, we can't help suspecting and even perversely hoping, no wiser than when he began.

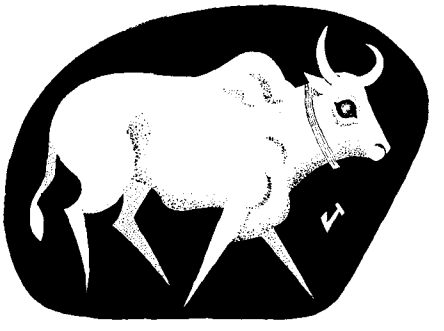
BOTH THESE NOVELS, disparate in theme and style from each other, are alive with the feeling and strangeness of a culture and a people different from our own, a strangeness of conflict, situation, passion, and humor quite unlike ours, but which we recognize as having something of the universality of the great Russian writers and which leave us with a taste of something pungent and exciting that we should like to experience again. It is, I think, the absence of this special strangeness in the two novels by Kamala Markandaya and Santha Rama Rau that places them in quite another category, that of the conventional modern novel of, say, Rumer Godden or, for that matter, of Marquand. It would not be surprising if, on reading Miss Rau's *Remember the House,* an American or English reader should feel, as my Indian friend felt about *The Late George Apley*—that except for a few obvious exotic details, the story could be about *us.*

Both these authors are young women, both write in the first person, both use English as though it were their mother tongue, and the themes of both books deal largely with family life—with the clash of one generation against another, typified by the revolt and soul-searching of youth and the weary perplexities of the old.

Love and the Old Patterns

In Miss Rau's novel, *Remember the House,* the setting is Bombay, with flashbacks to the heroine's childhood home in north India—the house that gives the book its title. The time is 1947, the eve of Indian independence and the convulsive changes which accompanied that event, and which followed it and are not yet finished. These massive events are suggested but they are never present on the scene; it is against their reverberations that Baba, Miss Rau's chief character, the product of a sheltered, well-to-do Hindu environment, strives—not very energetically—to attain a goal familiar enough to readers of her generation in every society and in every age: the achievement of a private personality through fulfillment in personal love.

Baba, conventional child of a conventional Hindu household, is first taken aback, then fascinated by the unabashed display of romantic love between a young American couple residing in Bombay, whose acquaintance she makes at the beginning of the story. We follow the course of this acquaintance as it warms into a somewhat tepid friendship frowned on by Baba's Indian friends ("*They* are foreigners, we are Indians"), through a succession of cocktail par-



ties, polo matches, picnics, dances at the club, and horse racing. Somehow it all sounds very British, very posh, and to an extraordinary degree un-Indian. To begin with, this reader wondered how such an uninspiring pair as the Americans could exercise the fascination they did on Baba's shrewd and observant mind, or what there was about them that should have excited the lofty contempt of her friends, unless it was thought necessary to point up contrasts between East and West—the refinement and aristocratic traditions of the former showing up the brash vulgarity of the latter.

Baba's friendship with the Americans peters out, probably from mutual boredom, and in her unappeased thirst for life and adventure she falls in love with a high-minded young Madrassi schoolmaster, only to learn, at the last moment, that he is already engaged and about to marry some one else, whereupon Baba very sensibly takes a round turn on herself and goes back to the man who has always wanted to marry her, whom her family and friends have always wanted her to marry, and whom in her heart she has never had any intention of not marrying, though whether she loves him or is even attracted to him we are not told.

INDIANS, as Miss Rau points out, do not believe in romantic love, and as for sex, everybody tries to behave as though it doesn't exist except in the married state and then, quite properly, offstage. This is pure hooey. Indian society, according to my friend Nirad Chaudry and to my own observation of it, is among the most sensual and openly sex-conscious in the world, and it is probably part of the split personality of the national psyche, on which Mr. Nehru has recently commented, that makes it talk, write, and actually believe as if this were not so.

Miss Rau is a fine craftsman; she writes expertly, amusingly, and with a sure eye for situation and social nuance. Yet the over-all effect of her story is rather like that of a photograph that has been gone over with an airbrush, removing the roughness, the decisive lineaments indispensable to memorable characterization and dramatic effect. It is easy enough to believe in Baba's yearnings, her disappointments and ultimate happiness, but we are not really moved by them, for we suspect her of being far too self-possessed and secure for life ever to touch her at all closely.

Never the Twain Shall Mate

Miss Markandaya's novel, *Some Inner Fury,* is less smoothly written, less sophisticated. There is nevertheless greater emotional intensity and dramatic involvement through which the conflicts rise closer to the surface of the story. In this novel as in Miss Rau's, the family is the center. Here too the central character is the daughter of the house, through whose sensibility we watch the drama unfold, and here again we find situations familiar to us in the western world, as we most decidedly do not find them in the novels of Mr. Narayan and Mr. Anand.

In *Some Inner Fury,* Mirabi, young, sensitive, attractive, might

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be sister to Miss Rau's Baba, for Mirabi too is looking for escape, adventure, and love. These she finds in the person of a young Englishman, a friend of her thoroughly westernized Oxford-educated brother, who is just home from England and about to take up a post as civil magistrate in the British government of the country. The family's opposition to this match between their cherished daughter and the Englishman is, like most of the crises that arise in their midst, muted. We feel a kind of uncertainty in the whole business, as though the author herself were not sure of the authenticity of these reactions, and so plays them down.

With the surge of anti-British violence among the Indians, it is the younger generation that is immediately and fatefully involved, brother against brother, friend against friend, and finally lover against lover. Faced with the terrible alternative of following her own people into the unguessable future of national independence and all the rewards and penalties which it holds for them, or repudiating them in the name of love, Mirabi makes the sterner choice.

Heritage of the Old Enemy

With India and things Indian very much in the world's awareness, the question arises whether these novels owe their interest to having been written by Indians or to the intrinsic appeal of their subject matter and their style. It is still too early to say. Indians have achieved national independence, but freedom seems to reveal a kind of split personality in the outlook of the present articulate generation, which, repudiating the West, now finds itself on equal terms with the old enemy, yet ironically dependent on him for audience, for the very medium of communication—a single unifying language—and even for the background of experience which is the stuff of art.

The problems that confront Indian artists, writers particularly, are tremendous, but so are their inherent intellectual and creative talents as we know through Indian painters, dancers, and dramatists. The writers are just beginning to come into their own.

A Drama Critic Reviews the Political Stage

MARYA MANNES

THROUGH THESE MEN: SOME ASPECTS OF OUR PASSING HISTORY, by John Mason Brown. *Harper. $4.*

In his preface, John Mason Brown apologizes for "trespassing on the property of experts." He needn't. It is precisely because Brown has written with balance and brilliance of books and theater for most of his life and has ranged so freely in the creative past and present that this chronicle of the past three political years has such flavor and immediacy. Whether he writes of Truman leaving the White House or Eisenhower entering, of the two campaign trains of 1952—tracks apart—of the wild, wonderful conventions, or of the men of law and science and letters who make our climate, Brown finds art and life inextricable; just as his involvement in the Second World War made him realize (presumably for the first time) that "both the creation and enjoyment of the arts depends upon conditions of living and thinking which governments make possible." It would be a good world indeed in which governments returned the compliment. As it is, this book is an admirable corrective for the artist who shuns politics and the politician who ignores art, for it is plainly written here that the men in whom our best hopes reside are wise in both. Brown's chapters on Adlai Stevenson, J. Robert Oppenheimer, and Walter Lippmann are in their various ways eloquent defenses of the universal mind: of intellect tempered with compassion, of courage channeled by discipline, of vision predicated on reality.

Eisenhower in Past Tense

Let no one think, however, that Brown is the partisan liberal, the champion of the egghead. I doubt whether there exists a more complete appreciation of the character and capacities of President Eisenhower than in these pages. In decrying the attempts of the intellectually rarefied to "reduce Eisenhower to a Babbitt," Brown says, "the error of the intellectuals was the old and familiar one of denying intelligence to a person who is not an intellectual. It was as silly in its way as the form it took in reverse when anti-intellectuals questioned Stevenson's practical intelligence on the ground that he was an egghead, or tried to paint him as a comedian, incapable of serious thought . . ."

In comparing Eisenhower's mind with Stevenson's, Brown continues, "His cultural range was infinitely more limited, his mind much less agile. It was specific not conceptual, strong rather than subtle, and unaccustomed to meditation. Its being a very different kind of mind . . . accustomed to dealing with very different problems, in no way meant that it was not an exceptional one. Precise, vigorous, and incisive, it spoke for a firm will, a humble heart, and a temperament which, in spite of its fire, knew the value of patience."

Brown speaks in the past tense because most of his knowledge of the President was derived when Eisenhower was a candidate for the Presidency and, later, new to the job of governing. It would be interesting to know whether a more recent contact and appraisal would transpose his account to the present tense. Certainly, he speaks of qualities in the President, including a power of expression in speech and print, a clarity of intent and action, which are seldom apparent now.

YET it is this unshakable fairness of Brown's, based on the humility of an inquiring mind and the observation of a free one, that makes this book so valuable. The reader who may feel that Brown has been perhaps too admiring of Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge and his U.N. achievements can find in another chapter these words on the foreign policy of Secretary Dulles:

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"The great brave decisions . . . had all been taken before he came into office and were largely the result of the courage and brilliance of Dean Acheson, his incredibly misrepresented, persecuted, and vilified predecessor."

No, Brown is no partisan. Yet he is no please-all-er either, even if the wit, grace, and fluency that have made his lectures adored in the women's clubs of the country also make this one of the easiest books to read. He is a very serious and often indignant man, merciless in his contempt of McCarthy and his fellows, of all the elements that demean and could destroy the country Brown loves and knows so well.

Stevenson and Oppenheimer

It is no accident that his most impressive chapters concern Adlai Stevenson and Robert Oppenheimer, for such men, by the very nature of their being, are targets of the extremists and destroyers.

In writing of them he writes most clearly of himself. "The gaiety of Stevenson's mind is shining. Its wit has conscience. It is corrective and, when need be, chastising, but it is not cynical or mean. Beneath the laughter lies the Lincolnian sadness so often, because so unavoidably, noted. This melancholy is not the sadness of surrender or the whine of futility. It comes from the recognition of human wrongs and follies and the splendor of an ideal that must be reached for even if it can never be realized."

And of Oppenheimer: "His face is a mind openly at work, at once a reflector and a light. Though in no ordinary sense handsome, it nonetheless has a strange beauty . . . of intensity, of awareness, of sensitivity and wisdom, and that grief can bestow like a decoration." Brown ends his long, deeply engrossing chapter on the scientist this way:

"Few ever believed Oppenheimer guilty . . . but more and more Americans have come to feel guilty themselves because of what he was forced to endure. Our shame for the injustice done him in our name and allegedly in our interest in part explains the wide esteem in which he is now held. In his presence it is not his mind alone which makes us uneasy. It is our consciences."

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A PANTHEON BOOK

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Manners In a Classless Society

AUGUST HECKSCHER

GOOD BEHAVIOUR, by Harold Nicolson. *Doubleday. $4.*

Sir Harold Nicolson writes about manners not as a historian might—he is too random and haphazard for that—or (as he is the first to claim) as a sociologist. He is the essayist, inspired by a mood he describes as "inquisitive and benevolent optimism"; and he is ready at any point to interject his highly individualized opinions.

Thus Sir Harold quite obviously does not have a traditional regard for the English daisy. "An age which could indulge ecstatically in the belief that the common daisy of the fields was the loveliest of nature's flowers," he says of the age of chivalry, "could induce itself to believe anything." Of the elaborate ceremony of the Orient he can declare that he writes with "an ignorance of the subject unredeemed by any glow of sympathy, any impulse of attraction, any stirring even of curiosity." (Yet he writes entertainingly of this, as in all the other parts of his book.) The early Christian Fathers also lack his sympathy so far as civility is concerned: "It was not by any charm of manner that the Christians succeeded, within three centuries, in altering the conscience of this world."

The nineteenth-century cult of "respectability" comes off as badly. Sir Harold quotes grimly the Victorian injunction to young ladies that their primary duty in life is "to smooth the bed of sickness and cheer the decline of age." The famous English public schools, he admits, may have performed their function, but that function is one which scarcely elicits his enthusiasm. Through these institutions, he says, "The governing classes were provided with a constant supply of young men, uniform in manners, indistinguishable in intellect or character, and prepared to defend their caste privileges against internal and external proletariats."

Sir Harold also has his strong likes: the Greek ideal, with its variety and grace (and notwithstanding its residual cruelties and its subjection of women); the Roman *gravitas,* fit quality for a people whose contribution was in the fields of war, administration, jurisprudence, and engineering; above all, the manners of a Chaucer and a Shakespeare. He likes the American manners, too—

though he professes not to understand them, and considers us a people too sensitive to endure comment.

ALL THIS is delightfully personal, and Sir Harold seems content to leave it so. He searches for no broad conclusions and makes only a guess about the future. Yet underneath the random observations there is a strain of well-formed judgment. What does he really mean by "good behaviour"? He means the standard of behavior traditionally derived from a minority, which expresses feelings of the heart and has for its end the making of life easier and more agreeable for others. When behavior remains at the level of self-gratification or when it degenerates into formal etiquette, it fails in the essentials of civility. When it serves the purpose of maintaining a group in power, it lacks, however elegant or superficially pleasing it may appear, the quality which justifies its being called "good."

In British society a tendency toward decentralization, with a balance between the various classes, helped diffuse the pattern of civility. From the beginning, a certain tolerance and forbearance mitigated the pretensions of the ruling elite. In France the opposite development took place. Sir Harold points out how the code of the drawing room, the court, and the boudoir reached out from the center to form the sane bourgeois values of *l'honnête homme.* Artificiality was transcended in the conviction, alive to this day, that the wise man is set apart by a special competence in the art of living. "To get the very most out of one's own individuality" was how Montaigne defined the goal, and individuality implied consideration for others.

The 'Gay Science'

It did not, however, imply a lack of passion. Men and women were to live life as it came, attentive to the subtleties of their moods and humors yet never wholly slaves to them. As Walter F. Kerr wrote the other day in his review of a Turgenev comedy, "Balance already exists in each of the characters: if they are capable of any excess, they are also capable of measuring that excess intelligently. Against a fine supply of animal spirits runs a steady, very high degree of consciousness." That consciousness, with its sense of limits and apprehensions of delicacy, is the individual's key to conduct.

"Good behaviour" is thus inherently liberal and active, free from the constraints of social compulsions or taboos. It is as changeful as the relations of men, and the best of its practitioners have almost always been innovators. The knights of the age of chivalry spoke in this regard of the "gay science." For Shakespeare ceremony was an "idol" worshiped by dull men. "Dear Kate," says his Henry V, "You and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion. We are the makers of manners, Kate." Sir Harold sees manners always waiting to be made; he has no doubt that they will continue to be made even through an iron century.

Floreant Americana

But how? And of what sort will they be? It is the theme of this book that civility has invariably been the crea-

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tion of a class, and Sir Harold looks resignedly toward a classless society. He looks resignedly, too, toward having the United States write the next chapter in the evolving tradition. Much that he has seen of the United States obviously troubles him. He is disturbed by the idolization of women, especially mothers; by the "social American" who lives in New York or Paris, the "lonely American" whom one encounters in travels abroad; by the American of

big business and big politics. Yet he has felt in this country what he calls "the warm and steady pulsation of a gigantic human heart." He is confident that there is something better to come than one can readily account for.

In Erasmus Sir Harold finds a hopeful clue: the vision of an elite composed of humane intellectuals devoid of class snobbishness or hampering social connections. He thinks he has discerned something of such an elite in the smaller liberal-arts colleges of the United States, where "the members of the several faculties labor within the fields of learning without strain or noise." They are men and women of exceeding modesty, he adds, and therefore very few. Yet they transmit what is best in the American culture. They are an aristocracy of intellect, disinterested, recruited from every layer of society, quietly at odds with much that is happening in the mass culture of the United States. In short, they are eggheads. And the best heads America possesses, Sir Harold assures us, "have always been her eggheads."

With all due deference to the eggheads, one suspects that if kindness, decency, disinterestedness, and courtesy are to save a technological age, they must spring from a broader base. Equality shapes its own code of manners. There may be coarseness in it—as indeed there has been coarseness among the blooms in each of civilization's finest seasons. But lack of subservience, lack of superiority—these by themselves are much. They provide a beginning of civility; and common experiences, perhaps common sufferings, may yet provide a fulfillment.

The problem, as in all the problems of democracy, is one of scale. What in former ages was attained by the very few must become the attainment of huge numbers. The education once accorded the gentleman is now open to nearly all. The freedom from superstition and taboos, formerly reserved for the elite, is now granted to the great masses who must work out for themselves, without these props, the basis of a mature existence. So, too, with manners. Either they will be a universal possession or they will probably be possessed by none.

What is discouraging today is not the way men and women behave toward one another individually. In the United States, as through the western world, there is in almost every respect a standard of conduct as considerate as any Sir Harold can show in the twelve cultures of his history. The trouble is the way men behave in political parties, in groups, in nationalities. Sir Harold has been one of the most eloquent defenders of the old diplomacy, with its involved courtesies and its seemingly artificial rules. He has argued that in the maintenance of the tradition of civility lies what hope there is for the settlement of international disputes. In domestic politics there is no less need for a certain grace and urbanity. Too often the man who is polite by nature becomes ruthless as the driver of an automobile, and a comparable change comes over him when he enters partisan or group activity.

There is no denying that primitive emotions have been loose among us. Violent feelings and unprincipled attacks have become, more than ever, the stock in trade of the politician. The cult of public relations has provided its own forms of corruption. Against these things the eggheads in 1952 made their stand. They lost. And with Adlai Stevenson's defeat the intellectuals of the liberal col-

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leges where Sir Harold sees his hope, the classless and cosmopolitan elite of Erasmus, was shown to be but one element in the wide American culture. It is not merely to a saving remnant that we must look now, but to a purification and elevation in the political sensibilities of a whole people.

Sir Harold, concluding his work, keeps a sense of mystery about the future and about America. He believes that decency will not pass. But how it will be preserved he does not pretend to know. Democracy itself is at bottom a mystery, time and again rationally discredited and as often vindicated by the heart. It breeds excesses, but at its best it can also breed a kind of unforced gentility, an offhand courtesy nowhere expressed in rules. May it not in its own way produce those conditions which Sir Harold deems essential to civilization—not security and justice only, but also "enhancement of pleasure, the love of loveliness, the refinement of relationships, and the embellishment of life"?

Some Selected Footprints Of Richard M. Nixon

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

This Is Nixon, by James Keogh. *Putnam. $2.75.*
Nixon, by Ralph de Toledano. *Holt. $3.*

Mr. Keogh, who works for *Time,* has written a routine election-year glorification of his subject. There are the usual campaigner's childhood, full of standard family piety, standard small-town Americanism, standard devotional quotations ("and departing, leave behind us"), and standard hard work ("It wasn't easy"). There are the usual school days, showing the proper mixture of popularity, earnestness, football, success, and quiet reading of deep thinkers on the side ("mostly in the original French"). There is proper evidence of knowledge of his country ("His stay in Ottumwa gave him an opportunity to know the Middle West first hand, just as his years at Duke had taught him what life was like in the South"), and the proper evidence of virtue ("showed an increasing independence" . . . "widespread talk about Nixon's fairness"). There is the usual touching up, the usual selective forgetting, the usual adjectival summaries of the man ("intense, serious, earnest, industrious, ambitious, able").

But this standard treatment does not tell much about Nixon, not even in that inverted and between-the-lines way by which most campaign biographies unintentionally do reveal something about their subjects. It takes Mr. de Toledano's book to perform that inadvertent service. It is a different kind of book: worse, partly because, in some amoral technical sense, it's better. It is a bit more carefully written, a bit cleverer in its conception, a lot more strategic in trying to achieve its end. Mr. de Toledano laughs at the usual campaign biography and then writes one that glorifies its subject in a much more dubious and insidious way: one which makes Mr. Nixon the symbol and instrument of Mr. de Toledano's own fierce and cocky anti-liberalism, and which requires the systematic derogation of all who oppose his hero.

That 1946 Campaign

A reader can make his own test of the character of Mr. de Toledano's book. Take the chapter called "The Mythology of '46." Compare it with the story of the same campaign in *Confessions of a Congressman,* the book by the man Nixon defeated for a House seat in that campaign, Jerry Voorhis. Mr. de Toledano tries to make the whole disapproval of Nixon's tactics in that campaign a retroactive invention of the left-wing intellectuals against whom he is writing. ("The myth of the 1946 campaign began to develop only after Nixon had given impetus to the Hiss investigation . . .") He says the whispering campaign that Voorhis was a Communist was a "fairly recent invention of the typewriter pundits," that the Nixon campaign was run by volunteers and was pinched for funds (even Mr. Keogh doesn't try to hold to that one), and, quoting Nixon, that "communism was not the issue at any time in the '46 campaign."

These claims are all denied by many who were close to that campaign and most of them by the chapter in Voorhis's book, written ten weeks after the campaign and in print a full year before the Hiss case was even heard of. But most interesting of all, notice Mr. de Toledano's misrepresentation of Voorhis's own attitude toward the campaign. One would think that this at least was something on which the man's own word is not subject to dispute.

Observe what Mr. de Toledano does: He takes the undisputatious tone of Voorhis's approach and tries to make it seem that there was nothing in the campaign to dispute about; he takes Voorhis's willingness to forgive and forget and tries to use it to indicate that there was nothing to be forgiven or forgotten. He quotes most of the long and very gracious letter Voorhis wrote Nixon after the campaign, but he omits and then deals separately, in his own deft way, with this crucial paragraph: "I have refrained, for reasons which I am sure you will understand, from making any references in this letter to the circumstances of the campaign recently conducted in our District. It would only have spoiled the letter."

Mr. de Toledano says the first sentence has been quoted out of context to prove what he calls the "myth" of the 1946 campaign. But it is he who quotes it out of context, for he conveniently forgets to tell his readers at all about the second sentence ("It would only have spoiled the letter"), which made Voorhis's meaning abundantly clear.

Apparently some of Nixon's footprints on the sands of time need to be rubbed out, and for that purpose one of his biographers is willing even to distort the graciousness of a defeated opponent.

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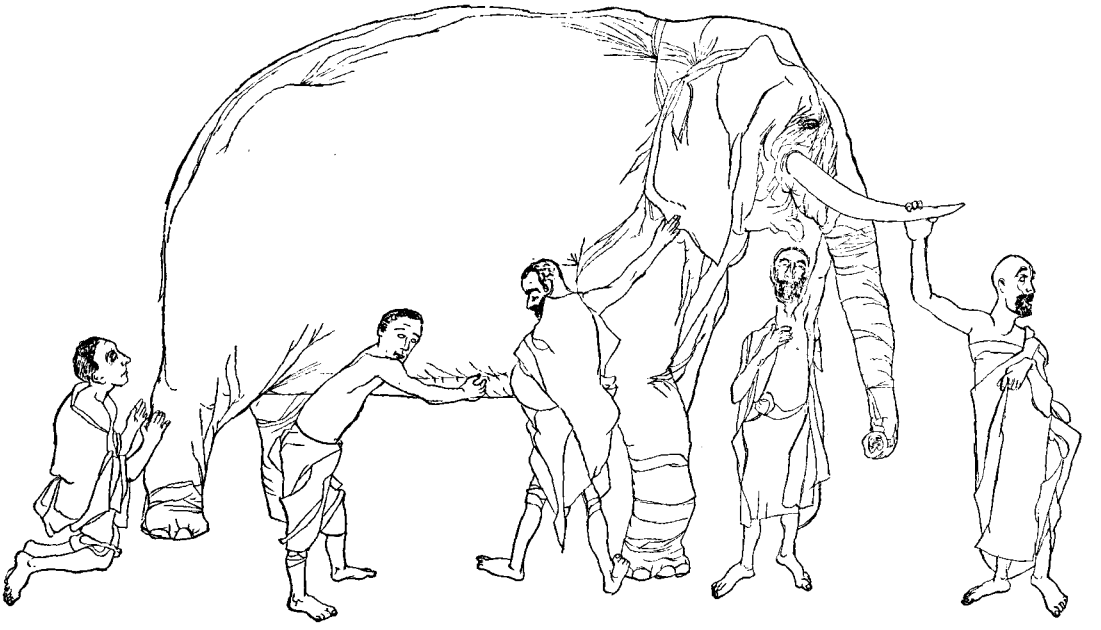

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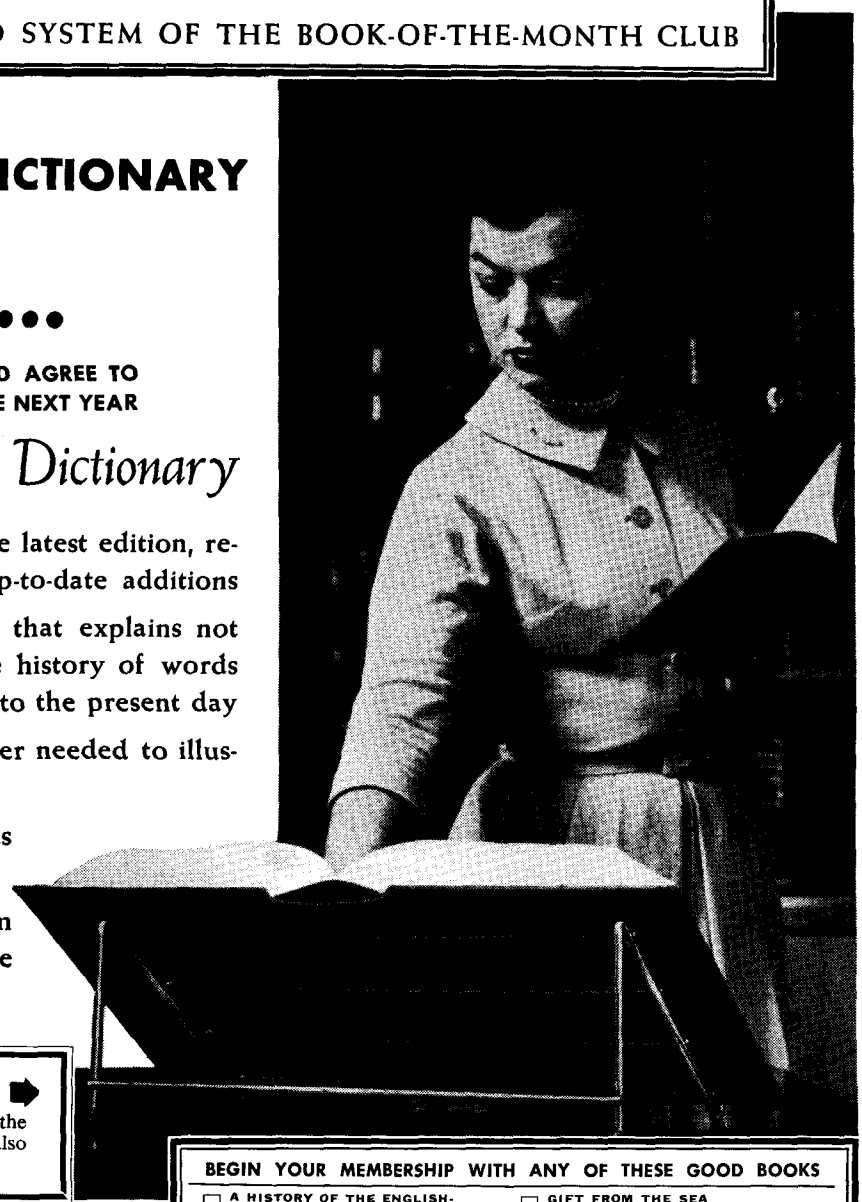

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